



THANK YOU

The mods of Bomb Voyage would like to thank you all for your support and enthusiasm for this zine! It has been a pleasure to see this project come to fruition, and we hope that you enjoy it as much as we do.

We would also like to thank our contributors for their hard work to make this zine a success. We are extremely grateful toward them!

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Sincerely,
The Bomb Voyage Mod Team

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Mina
Asido♡

KAMINARU
DENKUS

JIRO
KYOKA
Ejiro Kirishima

Hanta
Sero

BAKUO
KATSUKI



STARMAKER

Written by Starry | [Table of Contents](#)

There's a knock on Kyouka's door.

No, scratch that—it's at her window. There's a quiet whisper of "Release!" outside the window that makes Kyouka snort as she pushes herself in her chair closer to the noise. She opens it, and sure enough, Mina comes tumbling in.

This is a new habit they're starting. Even as members of the dubbed "Bakusquad", and all the girls do genuinely get along in class 2-A, there's still the relationship between Mina and Kyouka as the girls of the Bakusquad.

They're the ones that deal with Katsuki, Eijirou, Denki, and Hanta on a near-daily basis. They're both part of the groupchat, and the boys usually come to them needing advice and tips. Kyouka supplies the music and playlists for literally *everything*, and Mina's fantastic at some fashion and makeup along with social situations.

But sometimes, they need time to themselves, as all people do. It's a simple fact of life. And for these two...

Mina rolls to a stop and bounces to her feet, looking excited. "Kyouka!" She hisses, trying to lower her voice. It's a valiant attempt; it's past curfew hours, which is why she probably enlisted Ochako to Float her downstairs, since Ochako's room is placed right above Kyouka's.

"Mina," Kyouka smiles, gesturing to her bed. "Shall we continue our crime documentaries? I outlined my Hero Policies essay and I honestly can't focus for the rest of the night. I just want to eat popcorn and watch it with you. Any other plans?"

"Not at all! Dude, I've been looking forward to this all week. The boys have been driving me *insane*." Mina sighs dramatically, flopping onto Kyouka's bed. "I love them so much but there's only so much I can do, y'know? I thought I would've had to restrain Kats from attacking Monoma again today, but he actually ended up pissing off Kiri, and I didn't realize it until it was too late. Ended up on the run from Vlad King and apparently we got off the hook with cleaning the classroom because Midoriya had to run in and distract Aizawa from giving us a harder punishment."

"That sounds like a normal Friday," Kyouka snorts, and Mina grumbles before she wraps herself in a checkered blanket. Kyouka lets her shuffle around for a bit; Mina's entire room is stocked with fluffy blankets, and she's quite the opposite, so it takes a moment for Mina to get comfortable in other people's beds.

"It honestly was," Mina sighs again. "But I've been looking forward to this all week! Time to relax, time to chill out..."

Kyouka opens her mouth, but gets cut off by a knock at her door. The girls exchange a look as Kyouka gets up from the chair and makes her way over, gesturing for Mina to hide. This isn't the first time that Aizawa's stopped by her room to talk about curfew hours, so they have a foolproof plan at this point, but it's strange that he'd be here now.

Mina buries herself under the covers seconds before Kyouka rips open the door, an excuse on the tip of her tongue. It takes her a second to register who's standing at her door, and then she sighs and shoves all her boys in. "All of you are so *ridiculous*. You couldn't wait another day or two to see us?"

"We wanted to hang out with you," Denki whines, dramatically swooning into Kyouka's arms. Eijirou carefully ruffles Kyouka's hair before going to cannonball on her bed, Mina shrieking as she dives out of the way and gets caught by Hanta's long arms.

Katsuki's the last one to walk in. He towers above Kyouka, narrowing his eyes at her; still holding Denki, she knows she doesn't look intimidating, but she stands her ground and holds her chin high. "If you don't want to interact with us, I have a pair of headphones for you with your playlist already loaded on it."

There's almost a hint of surprise in those ruby red eyes, but Katsuki grunts and (carefully) shoves past her to sit on her bed, wrapping himself in the checkered blanket and barely avoiding Eijirou's feet from where he's sprawled. "S'fine. Don't need it for tonight; these assholes have already tired me out so I'll sleep like a goddamn rock. You're fine to be around for now."

Translation: I won't have nightmares tonight, and I want to hang out with you guys.

Kyouka gives him a small grin, Denki disentangling himself from her arms and shuffling over to Mina. "Roger that. I have some water if you want; I convinced Iida and Midoriya to help me smuggle in a mini fridge, so I can have my own drinks up here. It's been a pretty good investment—HEY!"

Hanta freezes from where he's opening her mini fridge, handing a coffee flavored energy drink to Denki. "...Yes?"

Mina has no shame and cracks open a light brown energy drink with sharp pink nails. "We'll definitely restock your fridge, but these are so good! We'll buy a bigger stash next time. So what's the tea, losers? Y'all know that this is prime time for the ladies of this damn friend group. Something wrong? You need our cool aesthetics and dashing looks to fix a problem of yours?"

"Can't we just hang out with our friends?" Eijirou gives them puppy dog eyes, which Kyouka immediately turns away from. His are powerful and should not be tampered with, but with Mina's sharp inhale across the room, she

knows it's a losing battle. "It's been such a rough week, and you always make the best plans, and you both paint your nails the best!"

Kyouka looks down at her chipped black polish, raising an eyebrow at it and the perfect contrast to Mina's gorgeous bright pink. "...I think you're talking to Mina, not me."

"Yeah, but you've got the cool grunge aesthetic with yours." Eijirou whines. Katsuki rolls his eyes and looks at his own nails, black and orange and still pretty even from last week.

Kyouka sighs and walks over to her dresser, opening the top drawer and peering inside. "Fine. I'll paint your nails then. What color do you want, Kiri?"

As Eijirou starts talking about different shades of red with Denki over his shoulder, Mina occupies Katsuki and Hanta's space, trying not to laugh at the absolute relaxation on Hanta's face as he curls up on Kyouka's bed. "Her bed is always so comfy," he sighs, stretching his legs out. Katsuki grumbles from where he's still sitting and does his best to look bored.

Mina knows better. She hasn't worked on being the Bakusquad's social butterfly for nothing, and it pays off on how well she can recognize everyone's microexpressions. Her boys are exhausted, but just being with the other members of their group is a good recharge for them.

Just as much as Mina and Kyouka need them, Katsuki, Eijirou, Hanta, and Denki also need them.

It's a warm feeling in her chest. Even during training exercises, they tend to seek each other out just to come up with new combat moves and work on their dynamics. It's no secret to their entire class and pretty much all of U.A. that they plan on creating their own agency when they get high enough in the rankings.

They all have to trust in each other. Strong foundations start here and now, where the shelter of school can still keep them relatively safe for now, and they don't want to waste any opportunities before they graduate into the real world.

"Ooh, that's a really pretty red!" Denki gasps, watching Kyouka paint Eijirou's nails with a near-perfect coat. "Can we watch a movie while his nails dry? Like a horror movie or something?"

"Fuck no," Katsuki says immediately, rolling his eyes from where he's still sitting. He actually looks pretty comfortable where he's at. "You're gonna get nail polish everywhere and Earphones is gonna fucking kill you. I'm not cleaning up blood again."

Ignoring Hanta's dry "you actually clean up blood?", Kyouka glares at Denki. "No horror movies. I will only accept cartoons or crime documentaries. Other than that, you can do whatever in here if you don't want to leave."

"Can we watch those crime documentaries?" Mina offers, curling up next to Katsuki and Hanta. She knows both of them so damn well; they shuffle around to make sure she's comfortable, and she shows her gratitude by patting their thighs. "This feels like a chill and relaxing night, since one of us is probably gonna destroy the common room tomorrow. It's also what we were gonna originally watch anyways, and I wanna see assholes brought to justice."

"Well, that was our original plan anyways." Kyouka snorts, making sure Eijirou's nails have their top coat before she goes to curl up with her boys. "Are you guys comfortable with that? We were gonna do that before y'all barged in like a bunch of morons. Why are you even here, again? Something about bothering us late at night?"

"Listen," Denki grins, trying not to laugh, "all of us were still awake, even Baku over there, and we had the feeling

that you two were also awake! Sometimes we just want company; it's been a rough couple of days, y'know?"

That's certainly something they're all feeling. Even after everything they've been through, after all the therapy and the occasional talks with their other classmates, it's *not the same*. But they have each other, and that's all that really matters.

"Can I ask what happened earlier?" Kyouka asks, remembering Mina's words from earlier. Fighting Monoma used to be a weekly event, but it's dwindled down to twice a month thanks to 2-A dealing with other situations and Kendo being around to smack him upside the head. More members of 2-B have started catching onto the tradition as well; Awase and Tetsutetsu have gotten into the habit too.

Regardless, after Midoriya kicked his ass in their first year, they don't take Monoma's word to heart, especially since whatever he told Midoriya caused him to go berserk. Kyouka doesn't *quite* know what was said, but if it was that bad? They'd rather not deal with that again.

Mina sighs and presses her hands to her eyes, avoiding her eyeliner and mascara. "It was so *stupid*," she laments, looking over at Eijirou with a curled lip. "And you're still a dumbass, Kiri! You're lucky you got bailed outta that detention!"

"To be fair," Eijirou says, only slightly embarrassed, "he definitely deserved it."

"He usually does," Hanta points out.

Denki nods excitedly. "That's true! Look, we all know that Monoma is a little bitch and any of us could kick his ass any time of the day. It's only because of Aizawa that we can't, but he's *asking* for it at this point."

"Fair, but what did he say," Kyouka interrupts, twirling an

ear jack around her finger. "If it made the great Kirishima Eijirou go after him, then I'm sure it was something shitty as per usual. Which one of us is best with long range attacks again? I'm sure one of us can make that shot from the classroom."

"He said some stupid shit about Kats," Eijirou rolls his eyes. "Stuff about being a bully and ruining shit. I told him he ruins everyone's day when he talks, and Mina stepped in to hold Kats back. Good thing for me so I could punch Monoma in his dumbass face."

Kyouka squints. As esteemed members of class 2-A, she should reprimand him and talk about their image as upcoming heroes, but she's part of the Bakusquad first and a classmate second, so she simply barks out a laugh and smacks Eijirou's leg. "You damn right! Sometimes he needs to get knocked down a peg or two."

There's various noises of agreement, and the Bakusquad settles back in Kyouka's bed, getting comfortable. She honestly doesn't know how there's five other people managing to fit on her bed, but they look pretty damn comfy, so she simply turns her attention to her TV and turns on a crime documentary.

On the screen, the documentary starts and blankets get curled tighter around everyone. Kyouka wonders if they ever locked her window. Probably not. "These are always morbidly fascinating," Hanta quietly laughs, his long limbs sprawled across three people. "We're heroes but we love watching crime stuff. You think it's like, stuff for the future since we'll probably be getting used to this? Or for some tips and tricks?"

"Tips and tricks?" Katsuki repeats, eyebrows furrowing as Denki howls with laughter. "WHAT? Hold on, go back to that shit! WHAT are you saying? Pause the goddamn documentary, I need to yell at you for this. Also, it's useful since we'll be working with the cops and we can pick up

clues that'll help the case if we're assigned to it."

Mina squints at him. "You just wanna watch crime documentaries, don't you?"

Katsuki shrugs, not bothering to hide it. "Damn right. The science they use is cool as fuck."

"What?" Hanta protests, a huge grin on his face. "I'm just saying that it's a cool correlation! We're saving people but kinda fascinated with death. Especially true crime, which is super neat in a weird way, y'know?"

"Nah, I get it." Eijirou stretches out and lightly smacks Katsuki on the arm, laughing and hardening his arm immediately when Katsuki swipes back at him. "Honestly, the worst we could probably do is Adam Sandler movies."

"You look like a guy who'd like Adam Sandler movies, though."

"WHAT?! WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN—"

"Worst of the worst are those celebrity autobiographies!" Denki shouts over the noise, trying to avoid the scuffling of Eijirou and Mina. "I don't give a shit about your high school bully! Besides, we're supposed to be caught up on hero shit, so it's redundant!"

"Surprised you know a word that big," Katsuki mutters, and lets out a very loud yelp when Denki lunges at him, both of them yelling and throwing hands. Kyouka watches her friends fuck around and tries not to laugh, but tenses up when she hears familiar footsteps down the hall. One ear jack presses itself to the floor, and recognizes the heavy yet soft presence that's her worst nightmare.

"Hide!" She hisses, waving her hands frantically. "It's Aizawa!"

It says a lot about them that they immediately split into formation. Hanta goes straight out the window with Denki, Mina vanishes into the closet, and Katsuki throws himself under her bed. The one that makes Kyouka almost burst out laughing is Eijirou, who has apparently assumed that Hanta was grabbing him too, and tumbles out the window from the third floor, yelping as he plummets.

Unfortunately, she has to restrain herself and instead opens her door to see Aizawa standing there. "Evening sensei," she says, slightly tilting her head. "I'm sorry for being loud, I was listening to some old videos of my favorite idiots."

Aizawa slightly narrows his eyes, looking around her room. "So if I go to Kaminari's door, he'll be there, correct? He won't be under your desk? Or in your closet, since you're watching true crime?"

"Maybe I just wanted to watch true crime without those nerds," Kyouka defends herself. Aizawa walks further into the room to check her desk and Mina very quietly sneaks out, doing her absolute best to not get caught. There must be good luck in the air, since Kyouka shuffles in front of her escaping friend and Aizawa doesn't notice. He appears to be slightly distracted by the documentary, and doesn't hear Mina escaping to the bathroom further down the hall.

"Fine," Aizawa says finally. "Just keep it down, alright? I'm scheduling a rest day for tomorrow because I don't want to deal with any of you for a day or two. Keep the dorms clean and don't let the dumbass Bakusquad blow up the damn couch again."

Without another word, Aizawa leaves to go back to wherever the hell he came from, and Kyouka lets out a sigh of relief. When his footsteps are finally out of range, Katsuki shuffles out from under the bed and lets out a pissed off huff. "That was all Sparky's bitchass fault anyways, and I thought we'd be fine, but I guess *not*. Re-

fucking-gardless, did Shit Hair fall three stories??"

"I'm pretty sure he did," Kyouka snickers. "The others will be joining us momentarily. We really run like a well-oiled machine, huh? I bet it's all the years of experience we've got with each other. That's super cool to have with all of you."

Katsuki takes a moment to look down at Kyouka, sincere for the first time in days, and says, "I sure fucking hope so, especially if we're making our agency together after we get work experience as sidekicks."

It might just be how kind those words were, but Kyouka still gets choked up, turning away so Katsuki can't see the shock and relief on her face. "Yeah, duh. Of course we're gonna be the best. That's why we're a powerhouse together."

The resulting grin from Katsuki is bright and makes Kyouka smile back at him before hearing the familiar sound of Hanta's tape outside her window. She goes over to throw it open and watches as Hanta, Denki, and Eijirou come tumbling in, scuffed with dirt and snickering like madmen. Mina scurries back in and rolls her eyes at her friends sprawled on the floor. "Seriously? Was that thud noise you, Kiri?"

"Might've been!" Eijirou cackles. "But I think we got away with it! Anyways, WHAT was that comment about Adam Sandler—"

Kyouka turns on her documentary and heads on over to bed, waiting for her friends to join her. For now, she's going to spend the rest of her days with her friends until they graduate, and then reunite as heroes in the future, working hard towards a bright future together.



IN SHARED SUNSETS WE BURN BRIGHTER

Written by FireHeartAW, Art by Komi Khou | [Table of Contents](#)

Sand pricks between his toes, rough and coarse with each step towards the crashing waves. He's annoyed, but he only lets the passing clouds above him see it in the way he rolls his eyes, the ocean covering up the sound of his heavy sigh as he exhales into the air above him. Honestly, it's a miracle he even agreed to come with his friends here today, but it's been a rough year, one with close calls that skirted the edge of death a bit too much.

"Ohhh, Bakugo!" an all too cheery voice calls from behind him, the tone of it much too sing-songy for how he's feeling.

He doesn't turn around; he knows better than to look into those raccoon eyes. Especially today, considering she had asked him to try to have fun for once on their way over to this stretch of beach she mentioned coming to before with Tsuyu and Uraraka.

"I know you can hear me!! Stop being *useless* and come help us set up!" she continues, the extra emphasis causing him to turn anyway, the scowl on his face now directed at nothing but her.

"There he is, our number one grump," she laughs, jabbing Kirishima in the side with her elbow.

"Our?" Bakugo asks, lips in a perpetual downturn, voice as rough as the sand below him. And somehow, despite looking like he has about a million things going on in his mind at once, Dunce Face perks up, overhearing the conversation.

"Yeah, Kacchan!! We're a squad, remember!?" he shouts

from behind Ashido and Kirishima, closer to the grass on the edge of the sand with Sero.

"What he said, big guy," Ashido agrees, thumb pointing behind her towards Kaminari who's already focusing on something else. "Now come here—we really could use your help before the sun sets too much!"

Much to his dismay, his feet start moving to help. All the hero work, school, and possibly his friends might be rubbing off on him—but he doesn't want to think about that too much. This isn't the time to dive into who he was and who he's become. He lets the warmth of the setting sun seep into his shoulders with his back turned to the sea, toes digging into the sand of the makeshift spot Kirishima's still putting together for their group. He follows Ashido's gaze to the center of a semicircle of logs, a tiny pile of wood and branches facing him in the middle.

"Would you mind lighting this for us? I promise to make you a s'more later," she tries to bribe, really not needing to ask in the first place, but he does like that this proves his usefulness.

"Better be a good one," he warns, palm extending right next to his leg, his quirk flashing to life just enough to spark a fire in the kindling.

"Woohoo!" Ashido yells, arms raising up in the air as she turns to face dumb and dumber. "We have fire, boys!!"

A muffled "woop woop" follows from Kaminari and a dragged out "hell yeah" from Sero, both of them breaking out into a fit of laughter for gods knows what. Bakugo thinks he can hear Sero telling Kaminari he sounds like an ambulance, but a loud crack of wood next to him thankfully drowns out their idiocy.

"So, what's the plan?" Bakugo mumbles, kicking at the sand lightly, shifting his weight side to side as he looks to

Ashido and Kirishima expectantly. Kirishima's eyebrows bunch up in confusion, his lips twitching up like he's barely containing a smile.

"Oh, honey," Ashido starts and Bakugo can feel his lip curling up in feigned disgust as he rolls his eyes. "There's no plan! Just have fun, okay?" she asks but it sounds like a plea through her laughter, a longing behind it that Bakugo can understand after a school year's worth of basically being Pro Heroes.

"Looks like they're having fun with a slackline!" Kirishima nods pointedly in idiot one and idiot two's direction. "Think you could beat them?" he challenges, standing tall as sunlight bathes his shoulders with its aureate touch.

"You're on, Shitty Hair. You, and Duncie, and Tape Dispenser. I'll kick all your asses." Bakugo smirks, the spirit of competition warming his veins much like his quirk does. Ashido quickly steps between them though, hands on her hips and pout directed right at him—the tips of her soft, pink hair blowing in the gentle breeze making her look much gentler than her stance is trying to portray.

"Not so fast, Bakubro," she emphasizes, dragging out the vowels of his name and letting them get lost in the sound of the sea. "This one's plan is helping me." She nods towards Kirishima, full of that sass Bakugo has come to find so endearing. Flipping the longer strands of her hair, she turns quickly to face Kirishima, who winces at what Bakugo can only guess is a much more pointed look.

"Sorry, man. Duty calls." He shrugs, catching Bakugo's eyes over Ashido's shoulder. But Kirishima smiles despite his tone, and Bakugo's seen them getting closer, and if fun's the ask—he's not one to intervene. With a more muted *tch* than his usual, he turns on his own, squinting against the sun that beams onto the left side of his face as he heads towards Kaminari and Sero.

The sand is a mixture of warm and cool under his feet, the breeze soft as it rustles the hem of his shirt, the ocean calm as it follows the sun's descent to rest. He could get used to this; the laughter in the air, the lack of unease in his thoughts, the time away from being everything all at once. And with Kaminari's clear sign of distress from teasing carrying through the atmosphere as Sero laughs, he feels more at home here than he ever has under the guise of constant protection at U.A.

"You're clearly cheating!!" Kaminari shouts, voice whiny as exasperation comes off of him in waves. His golden eyes find Bakugo and light up, electricity seeming to spark inside them with comfort, and what Bakugo expects Kaminari thinks is backup. "Tell him he's cheating, Kacchan. Come onnn, with his tape and everything!" Kaminari points, stepping closer to the "slackline" Sero is perfectly balanced on, demonstrating its stickiness by closing his fingers around it.

Bakugo observes for a second, laughter brewing in his lungs that he doesn't dare let out, not yet.

"Just admit you suck, Dunc Face," Bakugo jests, moving to Kaminari's side with a smile that Kaminari doesn't seem to trust as his eyes go wide.

"Relax, I'm not here to mess with you. Hey, if he's going to use his quirk, what's to stop you from using yours?" He shrugs, feigning a frown in his selfish suggestion. He can hear the gasp of acceptance from Kaminari as he turns away, laughter finally falling from Bakugo's lips as Sero yelps behind him, the sound of it followed by a solid *thump* on the grass.

"And now that Double Sided is off the line," he starts, but he's quickly cut off by Sero.

"I'm taking that as a compliment!" Sero shouts, crossing his legs in the grass and accepting his fate as no longer King

of the Line.

With a quick shake of his head, Bakugo continues, "Let me show you extras how it's done."

He smirks, the taste of sunshine and salty air only aiding his ferocity. Groans whisper in his direction, his friends already resigning to their fate of losers as Bakugo steps on the line. He finds that the balance comes easily to him, this push and pull oddly familiar. It's like the sun that's caressing the horizon, like the give and take of hero work, like finding comfort within a group of misfit friends that seem to complement each other well. And for all the times that he'd usually be owning his victory as he toes the line back and forth with ease, he's surprised to find a real smile on his lips.

"Yeah, Dunc," he calls, catching the electric gold of Kaminari's eyes. "You really do just suck at this." When they first met, Kaminari probably would've taken this as an insult, called him trash or some stupid shit again. But now, as dusk begins to embrace their laughter and pull them closer—now his responding smile is a testament to the way their friendship has grown.

"Hey, idiot brigade!" Ashido's voice cuts through the atmosphere like a comet, pulling all of their attention with a variety of reactions. Bakugo just looks over his shoulder at her, a threat and a 'what?' burning in his gaze as he remains a few feet above the ground on the line.

"You boys going to join us over by the fire for s'mores or what?" she teases, a s'more with his name on it in her grasp, firelight dancing off her features and creating a little sun of light just for them nestled in the sand. He drops to the ground lightly, following in no rush behind Sero and Kaminari as they find any excuse to mess with each other on the way. It's definitely a habit he's formed, he thinks as his toes find the cooling sand again: following behind rather than leading from the front. And he realizes, with a

shiver of the ever-approaching night that's pushing down upon them, that it's because he's developed an inherent need to protect them, to shield them from the harm the world always throws at them. That alone makes him pause, pushes him to look at how quickly the sky can change, and realize that he, too, moves across an axis ever forward.

"Quit your thinking, Bakugo. You look like Kaminari trying to answer questions on Aizawa's tests," Ashido notes, laughter bubbling out of her as Kaminari protests with a mouth full of s'more.

Bakugo rolls his eyes and shakes his head at the entire situation, at being called out and at Kaminari once again attempting to talk with his mouth full. But tonight isn't about corrections or quips; it's about letting go, for once being just a person, rather than a person endowed with too much responsibility. Though he can't help but cut his eyes over to Kaminari with a warning, holding it as the fire burns between them, *almost* in emphasis of his silent request. Ashido squeezes his shoulder and brings him back to their gravity, s'more offered up in the space between them.

"We'll be okay, you know?" She smiles, always so soft and kind. "You don't always have to be number one around here," she adds, popping a hip out like it's a challenge.

Usually, he'd rise up to it, but everyone's eyes have landed on him now, awaiting an explosion or a competition, an outburst of power, or a command of the group. So he lets her sass fall to the wayside, taking it as a comment towards their shared concern for the group rather than a need to argue his place. Stepping past her, he knocks his shoulder against her own in a gentle response, rejoining the group without fanfare as they all return to their antics, conversations, stupidity—whatever they want to call it.

It quickly becomes a cacophony of sound, a retelling of happy memories, and a remembrance of the ones where

they learned what it truly means to be a hero. He finds himself at the center of several of them, but he wonders if they realize that they're all a part of these stories too—that it isn't about whether or not his AP Shot hit, but rather that each of them is a pillar of what makes U.A. so strong. And maybe it's the stars that watch from above, or the warmth from the fire, the graham cracker left behind on his fingertips, or the way they start to lean into each other as the breeze grows colder—but he finds himself opening his mouth to speak, pausing as the world seems to stop to hear what he has to say.

"Thank you," he mutters, eyes to the hypnotizing warmth of the fire, not daring to let his unfamiliar emotions find the rainbow of eye colors belonging to his friends.

"Told you, guys! Bakubro has a soft side," Kirishima exclaims, almost immediately speaking as if he expected this. "Didn't I tell you!" he continues, and Bakugo can feel the weight of him pushing into Ashido and dominoing down to him.

"Shut it, Shitty hair," Bakugo groans, lips downturned into a grumpy frown.

"Kacchan likes us!" Kaminari shouts, arms thrown up into the sky in celebration like he's reaching to touch the stars.

"I hope you get struck down by lightning," Bakugo shouts back, resulting in a snort from Sero. "I hope your tape doesn't stick," he continues, pointedly looking in the obsidian of Sero's gaze, his cheeks wrinkled with laughter. "Don't trip on acid," he adds, eyeing Kirishima who chokes on his drink. But before he can insult Ashido, she gets him first.

"You really do love us." She smiles, hooking her arm with Bakugo's before he has a chance to pull away or wish he was never born to have to even experience this. "It only gets better from here!!" she sing-songs, pulling him in close

as she takes a deep breath. "Group hug!!!" She somehow manages to yell louder than Kaminari, a free rein invitation to the rest of this stupid squad to attach themselves to him too.

"I swear to fucking god, I will blow all of you bastards u—" he starts, but his retort quickly turns into an *umph* as his back meets the harsh and unforgiving resistance of the sand. It's like the gravity of the world has increased tenfold, all localized right here on their little stretch of beach as four bodies pile on top of him, laughter reverberating into his own chest from their outbursts.

Past him would make them all taste an explosion, but current him, even weighed down under limbs and elbows that jab him in the side—current him just lets it slide. It's a moment that will one day become a memory they talk about around another fire when they've dealt with more of the danger the world can possess; it'll be a moment that will be remembered with fondness. He may grunt, push back on Kirishima's weight and release his quirk enough to make Kaminari yelp—but it's all in perfectly good, *them*, fun. And now, as the sun sits long below the horizon, scorching a sunset in someone else's memory, he finds the moon holds them in its contemplative glow, calming them as their fire turns to embers, as the stars dot the sky above them with stories of their own.

He should give them a show, the stars and his friends, one last *bang* before the next day comes and they have to return to the reality they've worked hard for. So he pushes them all off with several thuds, striding to the water with his hands in his pockets, flexing them and warming them as he looks to the reflective almost black surface of the sea. He can hear their footsteps in the sand behind him, the steady crunch of trust and comfort in their approach—and without needing to look, he knows they're right beside him.

He extends his hands from his pockets, reaches over the water, and sends the strongest AP Shot he can up into the

sky, his palms burning with familiarity. As it bursts above them, he can't help but look side to side, watch as the feigned firework sparkles down in their eyes. He won't outright admit it because they already know, but he does love his group of friends, this stupid 'squad.' And as the vignette of night eventually pushes on their eyelids, the weight of a fun day light upon their shoulders as gravity weighs on them hard, small whispers of what's next turn into gentle snores of comfort—he knows, they will always love him at this moment, and in all the next memories to come.



Komi
Khou

THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT

Written by itsmyusualweeb | [Table of Contents](#)

Ships: Poly-Bakusquad

"Tell me again who's dating whom?"

Street lights and road signs pass in a dizzying blur, but Kyouka isn't watching them. Her gaze is on the man beside her. His eyes are golden, brilliantly reflecting the sunset, and his fingers tap a steady, unbroken rhythm on the steering wheel in beat with the classic rock that's quietly playing through the speakers. It used to annoy her, his constant need to be in motion, but by now, it's become comforting.

He grins at her, a quick flash of his teeth as he glances sideways at her. "I've told you like ten times already, babe! Do you wanna hear my voice that badly?"

Kyouka pinches his side, and he squawks in protest before laughing.

"Alright, alright! Damn, twisting my arm real hard here."

She snorts and settles back against her seat again, relaxing to the sound of his voice as he begins to chatter about his friends. She's met them before, of course, at the high-rise social events and gatherings that come with being in the musical industry, but she's never been close enough before to be invited to one of the monthly meet-ups of the famous monthly Dynamight & Danger meet-ups. It's a closed party, band-only to anyone who asks, but Denki had admitted to her one night that for weeks he'd been begging his bandmates to let her come.

Kyouka doesn't know what the tipping point had been, but this evening when she had been preparing to settle down for a pleasant evening alone, her apartment door had

been thrown open, and Denki had rushed in with all the tact of an incoming hurricane, kissing her in apology after her surprised shriek and then toppling across her lap and chattering fifty miles an hour about how he'd convinced them to let her join them tonight.

She'd been surprised, but it was a pleasant sort of surprise.

"—and I *think* Meens is still hooking up with Hants but like, she's still pouty cus Hants gave Ei a kiss first so they might still be on a pretend-break—y'know, the kinda break where you pretend you're taking a break but you're gonna cave as soon as you get a nice smile and a smooch?—so they'll probably be fine by the time we get there—"

The chatter won't end unless Kyouka interrupts, but as much as she'll never admit it, she wouldn't do that if she was offered the world in exchange. She reaches to close the distance between them instead, and Denki subconsciously leans into it, still talking as her callous-roughened fingers brush down the line of his jaw. His gaze doesn't leave the road, his fingers *tap-tap-tap*-ing away on the steering wheel, but he turns his head just a little to press a swift kiss to her fingers before he's back to rambling.

"But really, I think that's about it other than the weird triangle thing that Bakubro and Hants have going on with Shoubro, 'cept there's also a weird triangle thing with Deku too? Don't ask me cus I dunno what's going on there—Kyo, we know this song!"

He's distracted instantly by the track switching, and Kyouka instinctively reaches to turn the knob, knowing that he's not going to go back to talking about his friends' muddle of relationships until the song is over. The music swells, and Denki's voice lifts with it, a lilting melody that warms Kyouka's chest.

"Take me out tonight—c'mon, babe, sing it with me—where there's music and there's people—"

She laughs and joins in, her dulcet tones melding with his. They do this often enough for it to be a habit: singing along to the songs on the radio or the speakers in Kyouka's kitchen, dancing in their socked feet and stumbling into each other with peals of laughter interrupting their voices, driving with the windows rolled down and the wind in their hair as they belt out the lyrics in increasingly louder voices until one of them cracks and laughs hard enough to set off the other.



"The next person who tries to dip their grubby little fingers in my skillet is going to get smacked!"

Kyouka watches, chin propped in her hand, as Denki cheerfully ignores the threat aimed toward him. His fingers dip into the sizzling skillet and, just as promised, his hand is firmly smacked by a spoon.

"Ow!" Denki complains, but he's grinning as he skitters away, a piece of tempura successfully stolen. He blows Katsuki a kiss, and the other blond flips him off in response. "Love you," Denki sing-songs, and then he's clambering onto the barstool next to Kyouka, pressing a kiss to her cheek before crunching into his piece of tempura.

Kyouka continues observing the controlled chaos that is Denki's friend group as her boyfriend swings his legs on the stool beside her. The drummer of his band, Katsuki, is back to mutinously stirring the tempura he's cooking, clearly doing his best to ignore the other two in the kitchen who are sitting on the floor next to the kitchen whispering so loudly that everyone can hear them.

"—So I lost the paper, but I still won the competition anyway!" says one of them. His hair is dyed an eye-

searing red that somehow still suits him, and he has his arm slung over the other man's shoulder, leaning in far closer than Kyouka ever thought was possible.

"But how?" Denki chimes in from beside her, and he's answered by both men on the floor at once. The second, Hanta, has his hair tied back loosely, although strands still fall loosely around his face, and Kyouka can't help but feel envious of how natural it looks. If only hers looked so good when she pulled it back.

"No, it was 'cus I asked the desk lady!" argues Eijirou, the one with stop-sign-colored hair. His rebuttal is enough to make Hanta laugh, throwing a leg over Eijirou's lap and leaning back against the fridge.

"Nahh, they just felt bad for you. You have convincing puppy eyes, man."

Said puppy eyes are immediately demonstrated as Eijirou pouts. "I do not!"

"Totally do," says Denki, sounding sympathetic. He nudges Kyouka, offering her the last bite of his stolen tempura. "Want some, babe?"

She declines but nudges him back in thanks, her gaze flicking back to Katsuki as he begins lifting the tempura from the oil. He clearly thinks he's good at hiding his amusement at the argument behind him, but Kyouka knows that expression far too well; she's seen it often on herself, after all. She doesn't call him out for it, though, just takes it in with her own private smile as she tucks away the knowledge that, as much as Katsuki blusters and blows up, he wants to be here just as much as the rest of them.

All movement pauses for a moment as banging comes from the front door, but the person outside doesn't wait for an answer, barging through the door and slamming it behind her only a few seconds later. Her bright pink hair is wild

and frizzy, sunglasses pushed up on her head to hold it back despite the dimming sun outside. She dumps her massive armfuls of bags on the couch and kicks her shoes off.

"Meens!" Denki cries with his mouthful of the last bite of tempura. He throws himself from the barstool and into her arms, and she laughs as she stretches up on her toes to press kisses to his cheeks.

"My lil' sparkfly," she coos, leaving smears of purple lipstick wherever her lips land, but Denki doesn't seem to mind. Eijirou and Hanta come crashing out of the kitchen to get their own hugs, and it's a raucous for over a minute before Katsuki bellows from the kitchen for all of them to quiet the fuck down.

Denki vanishes to the bathroom, Hanta and Eijirou heading back to the kitchen to no doubt pester Katsuki, and Kyouka finds herself the recipient of Mina's undivided attention.

"Hi, cutie," purrs the tiny powerhouse, sauntering closer and leaning on the bar. She's far too close for Kyouka's usual comfort, but Kyouka can't find it in her to care at this moment.

"...Hi," she manages, offering a hand. Eijirou had given her a fistbump, Hanta a cheerful handshake, and Katsuki a squinted look. She doesn't entirely know what to expect from Mina.

Mina's entire expression lights up and she sighs. "Oh, I love you already," she says woefully. Kyouka has barely a moment to blink before Mina's wrapping her in a hug. "You're so precious!" Mina declares as she pulls back, her arms lingering.

Kyouka's only ever seen such genuine joy in Denki's eyes, and her heart gives a traitorous lurch. "Nice to meet you," she gets out, but Mina is already giggling and leaning in to

press a kiss to her cheek.

"No need to be so formal, babe! If Denki likes you enough to bring you to meet all of us, then you're always welcome here. Understand?"

"..Right." She's nodding before she can stop herself, but Katsuki's dry voice cuts into the moment.

"Oi, Pinky, stop harassing her."

Mina pouts but pulls back, giving Kyouka's hand another squeeze before she's flouncing away to the kitchen. "You could've just said you wanted my attention, Kats!" she coos, and despite Katsuki's snarled protests, she wraps him in a hug, unafraid of his snapping.

Kyouka isn't even aware that she's still watching them until she feels arms sliding around her waist, and she jumps then sighs, relaxing into the embrace.

"Sorry," murmurs Denki, not sounding very sorry at all as he nuzzles against the side of her neck. "You look like you're getting along with everyone. Do you like them?" His voice is quieter than usual, careful to keep the others in the kitchen from overhearing.

Kyouka's known him long enough to recognize that veneer of his unconcerned tone. She knows what this means to him to have them all together and getting along, and although she'd been nervous beforehand that she wouldn't be able to lie to him and say she likes them, she finds herself answering honestly now.

"Yeah," she agrees, her gaze drifting over the four in the kitchen. Hanta and Eijirou have moved to the stove, crushing Katsuki in a group hug as he gripes and complains, although she can make out his quickly-stifled smile when Eijirou kisses his cheek. "Yeah, I like them."

Denki smiles against her neck, humming happily. "I'm glad."

"Ears!" Katsuki calls from the group hug, finally squirming free from the seemingly-unending arms. "Oi, you wanna put on some music?"

Kyouka can only blink for a moment, startled back to herself when Denki nudges her. "Sorry...me?"

"Who else?" retorts Katsuki, and he turns back to the skillet. Hanta and Mina are dissolving into laughter behind him after a murmured joke from Eijirou.

Denki squeals against her neck, his voice a delighted whisper. "Babe, that's the Bakubro seal of approval! He likes you!"

She blushes despite herself, and it takes her a few moments to recover as she watches them. There's a feeling settling deep in her bones, one that she's never felt before, that's telling her that she's finally home. She's wandered for years, finding menial satisfaction in life, but at this moment, with this group, she knows that she's found her place.

"...I'll start the music," she says, and she gets up to do just that.



DENKI'S DAY

Written by AnathemaAuthoress | [Table of Contents](#)

Ships: Bakugou Katsuki/Kirishima Eijirou

"Hey, losers! Since we're free this weekend I was thinking we could hang out somewhere," Katsuki proposed Friday morning during training. He was spotting Eijiro, whose face lit up instantly.

"Yeah man, unf, that'd be great," the redhead said excitedly between bench presses.

Denki, who sat beside them on the bench, lifting his much more reasonable dumbbells, eyed them with cautious optimism. "Me too?"

Katsuki rolled his eyes. "Not like we can stop you from coming," he snorted.

Denki grinned. He knew that was his friend's way of inviting him. It wasn't new these days, most of the time when Katsuki took Eijiro somewhere, he took Denki along too. It never hurt to check though.

Of course, Denki's enthusiasm was quickly squashed by Katsuki's next words. "I was thinking we could go for a hike or a climb?"

Denki's mouth fell open in a shudder. Katsuki was practically a professional climber. He could walk trails, mount rocks, and probably scale mountains without breaking a sweat, and Eijiro could keep up with anything on sheer willpower, but for Denki it wasn't so simple.

The last time they'd hiked, Denki had gotten winded halfway up the trail and nearly passed out by the top. Then there was the ridicule he'd endured all the way back down as Eijiro had carried him. It wasn't his fault! He was

in good shape, the other two were just in crazy shape.

Unfortunately, Eijiro was sitting up and looking as eager as ever to oblige Katsuki like the puppy he was. Denki couldn't take it. He didn't mean to snap, but his voice came out loud. "No! No way! Why do you guys always get to pick what we do?!"

The other two looked at him with surprise. Then Katsuki's usual resting bitch face returned and he shrugged. "Fine, whatever. You pick."

Eijiro nodded, looking a bit more concerned. "Yeah, man. That's cool, we'll do what you want."

Denki was surprised by the almost instant approval. He blushed, a bit embarrassed by the outburst. Then his head started to reel with possibilities. "Oh, sweet. Yeah, okay! I know what to do! I'll schedule the whole day, you two just show up."

The guys exchanged looks and replied in unison, "'Kay."



They met up in the common room early in the afternoon so they could start off with lunch. Denki refused to tell them anything he had planned, but the other two just went along with it, equal parts amused by the antics and curious.

He led them into town to his new favorite burger place. He'd been singing its praises, but his friends hadn't had the opportunity to try it. He proudly prepared to treat them to the meal of their lives, but when they arrived, he felt his stomach drop into a pit in his core.

"No way!" He stared wide-eyed at the shop and the sign hung in its window. *Closed for renovations.*

"Ouch," Eijiro said sympathetically. He rubbed at the back

of his neck. "Sorry, man."

"Does this mean we aren't gonna eat?" Katsuki growled.

Denki felt his chest pound. This sucked. Just his luck. "Chill, Kacchan. I'll still feed you. We just, uh—" He sighed, pulled himself upright, and pushed down the disappointment. "This is...just a setback. We just need a plan B! Then we'll move on to part two of Denki's Epic Day!"

Katsuki couldn't hide a smirk. "So what's plan B?"

Denki looked around, tried to think of what he'd done when the place had been closed last month. "Right! Yeah, the street over has vendor carts. This one place has great takoyaki!"

"Works for me," Eijiro said merrily.

Good enough, Denki thought. He tried to exude confidence, despite feeling shaken. Thankfully the cart was where he hoped it was and he ordered three kabobs and paid in spite of Katsuki's protest.

"Shit, these are good," Katsuki admitted. Denki felt a rush of relief at seeing that little mischievous cat-like sparkle in his eyes that indicated Katsuki was actually happy.

Even so, he couldn't help but stare at his own food with disappointment. *This wasn't really what I had in mind. So much for a perfect lunch.* Even so, he bit into it like nothing was wrong, determined not to let one misstep ruin his day.

After they'd finished eating, Denki hit a fresh well of enthusiasm and led them eagerly to an arcade. Eijiro started vibrating with excitement the moment they approached. "Game day? Hell yes!"

"Prepare to get destroyed," Katsuki said wickedly.

It started off better than the first of Denki's plans. They all played some ski-ball, then faced off on a few shooter and racing games.

The only trouble was, he kept losing. Both of his friends were just too damn good at everything. It left Denki feeling like he wasn't really part of the crew, but rather a weird, unskilled tag-along.

Determined to fit in, he decided to challenge them to his best game, Dance Dance Revolution.

"Come on, it'll be fun!" Denki laughed as he hopped on the player one podium.

"Think I'll pass on Dork Dork Revolution," Katsuki sneered.

"Ah, don't be like that just because you can't dance! I'll play with you, man," Eijiro said playfully as he hopped into the second player slot.

Katsuki scoffed. "I can dance just fine."

"You can play winner then," Denki offered. He set up the game and started moving with the light pads right away. He moved his arms about so he wouldn't look like the strangely stagnant players he sometimes challenged.

Eijiro was actually decent, but as expected he was no match for Denki's footwork. It helped that the blond had basically every pattern in the game memorized.

A few people even gathered to watch the intense match.

In the end, with enough people around to impress, Katsuki caved and agreed to play Denki.

They both started off strong and Denki felt his blood pulsate. Kacchan was good, but Denki was better. He couldn't believe he was actually going to beat Katsuki at

something!

Never one to lose easily, Katsuki stepped up his game.

After that, Denki wasn't completely sure what happened. One moment he was going faster, focusing with all his might to beat his friend, and the next he was surrounded in sparks as the machine short circuited before them.

People shouted in alarm and Denki stumbled back as he pulled his quirk into retreat. Unfortunately, it was too late and management was already on the way.

"Dude, what happened?" Eijiro asked as the three walked down the sidewalk, away from the arcade they were now banned from.

"It was an accident! I guess I got too revved up and sparked. My bad, guys." Denki felt like crap. He couldn't stand that yet another part of the day had been ruined, and this time it was all his fault.

Katsuki simply snorted in amusement. "Right, an accident. I'm sure it wasn't because you knew you were about to lose."

Despite how lighthearted the other two were about what had happened, Denki didn't feel any better. He was more determined than ever to make the rest of the day perfect.

Except the universe just wasn't having it. The comic shop was closed early, they just missed it. Then when Denki thought of taking them to a movie, it was only to discover it was sold out and nothing else good was playing.

Distressed that the day was getting worse and worse, Denki came up with what he thought had to be a foolproof plan.

"Okay, guys, this time's the charm." Again he led them

more-or-less blindly by foot and bus until they reached the beach by a local pier.

"Uh, hey, genius? We didn't bring swimsuits," Katsuki said in annoyance.

"I don't mind stripping to my boxers," Eijiro offered.

"No need, we aren't here to swim." Denki smugly strolled out onto the beach and plopped right down on the sand, facing out towards the water.

"So what are we doing, watching the tides?" Eijiro asked as he and Katsuki settled down at Denki's left.

"Watching girls," Denki said slyly. This was it. Nothing could spoil cute girls in swimsuits!

Except, even as Denki was having a great time checking out babes, his friends were oddly quiet. He figured they were being shy, so he started pointing out some of his favorites. "Look at the legs on her! Oh, a bikini! Hot, right?"

His words were met with what sounded like *giggles*, which struck Denki as odd on a number of levels. He turned to his side to see Eijiro whispering something to Katsuki that was making the usually angry blond absolutely giddy. They weren't paying attention to Denki or the beach babes.

"What the hell, guys?"

They both jolted as if they'd been caught with hands in the cookie jar. Then Eijiro sighed and shrugged. "Sorry dude, we aren't really sure what you want us to do here."

"We aren't Grapehead. Watching girls without permission is creepy," Katsuki added.

Eijiro pitched a thumb at Katsuki. "Right, and in case it

slipped your mind, Bakugou is gay."

"R-right." Denki felt his face flush. "Check out the dudes then?"

"It's still weird," Katsuki growled.

"Yeah, this kind of thing isn't really our style." Eijiro seemed apologetic as he said it.

Even so, Denki felt like they'd ripped out his heart and stomped on it. "So I guess that's it. This day just officially sucks."

"What? No, it's fine we—"

"No! It isn't fine, today was a disaster. First the burgers, then I messed up the arcade! Everything was closed or sold out and now I can't even entertain you guys right! My first time planning a hang out and I failed." Tears began to well up in Denki's eyes, but before he could properly cry, a warm hand landed on him and gave him a start. He looked over to see Katsuki firmly gripping his shoulder.

"Chill out, would you? Today was cool."

"What?" Denki sniffled in confusion. "It was a mess."

Eijiro scouted closer and jumped in to speak. "It could have been, but you totally bounced back. Lunch was awesome! And the arcade was fun, even getting banned was at least entertaining," he chuckled.

"And believe it or not, Sparks, we actually like just talking to you," Katsuki said with surprising sincerity.

"Really?" Denki rubbed his palm against his eyes to wipe away the bubbled tears.

"Really." Katsuki grinned. "I mean, the girl stalking is

freaky. We aren't doing that. But everything else was fine. Not your fault stuff doesn't always work out. You made the best of it."

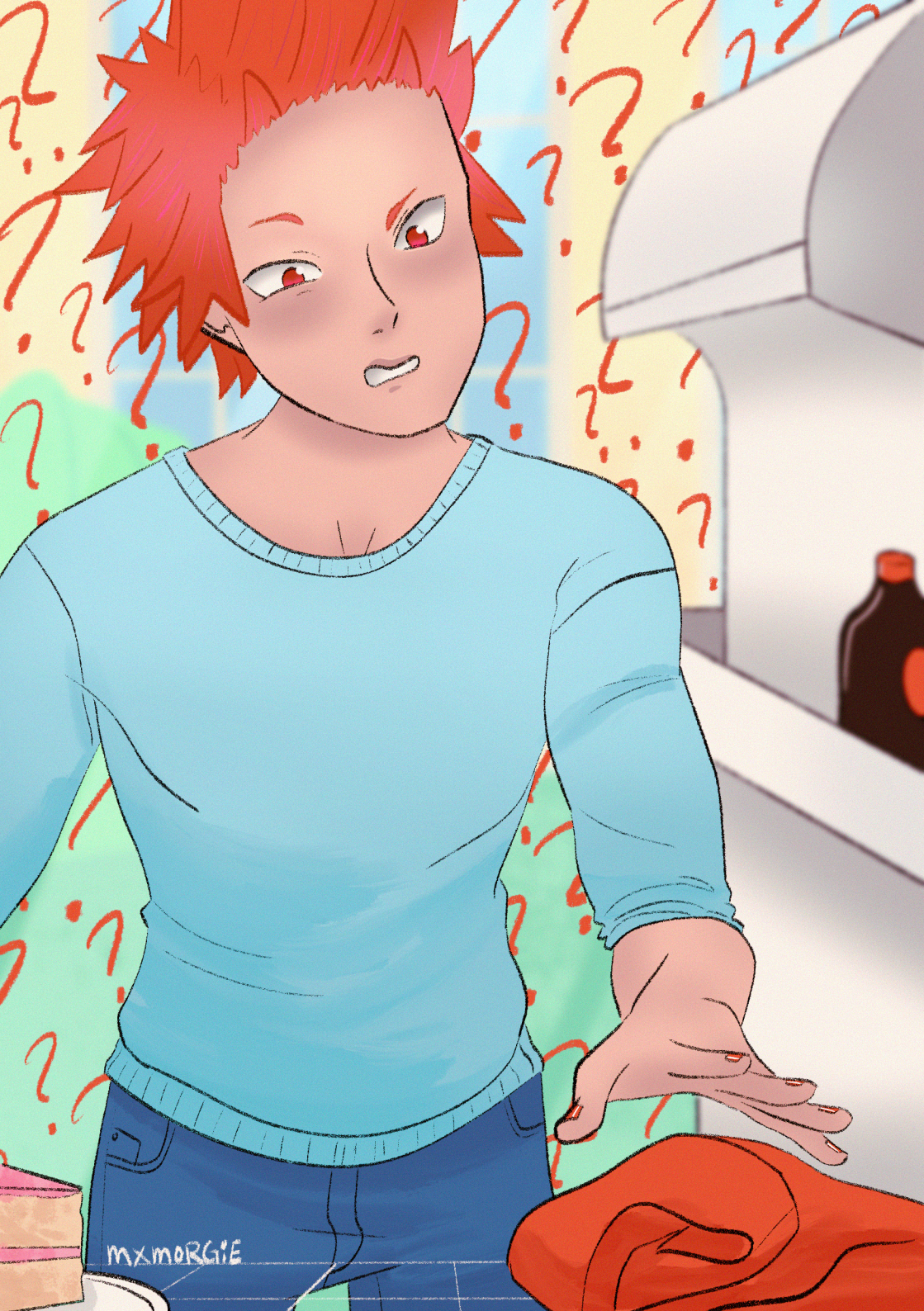
"We just like being around you," Eijiro added.

Denki couldn't help but smile. "You guys are my best friends, you know that?"

Katsuki smirked. "We won't tell Grapeface. Now, can we actually swim?"

"Way better use of beach time!" Eijiro shouted. He jumped up and instantly started stripping to his boxers. The other two followed and soon they were wading into the gentle waves.

As Denki splashed around in the water, he couldn't help but laugh with pride as he thought, *I guess it was a perfect day after all!*



PRANK WARS

Written by vannahfanfics, Art by mxmorgie | [Table of Contents](#)

"Motherfu—You dipshits! Where'd you hide my stuff?!"

Katsuki seethed as he stomped out of the bathroom, with only a washrag to try and cover his manhood. Water cascaded down his form and dripped down from the strands of ash-blond hair slicked to his head. He should have known better than to let Denki and Hanta leave the bathroom before him, or at least should have kept a better eye on them when they *mysteriously* decided to leave at the exact same time. Thanks to his lack of vigilance, the two pranksters had swiped both Katsuki's change of clothes and his towel, leaving him as naked as the day he was born.

The hallway was mysteriously empty, but he could hear giggles floating down from the entrance to the common room. The realization that the two of them had probably stashed his clothes in all the shared areas of the dormitory made his entire face burn red. He stood in the middle of the hallway, puddling water as he angrily contemplated his choices. He could wait in the bathroom for someone to come along and help him out, but there was no telling how long that would take, and he didn't have the fucking patience for that. On the other hand, he could try to slink to the common room and beg for someone to grab his clothes for him, but that required begging. *Begging* was not in Katsuki Bakugo's vocabulary.

However, the pink tint to his skin from the heated bath was rapidly beginning to fade, and the warmth with it. A shiver gripped Katsuki's body as an uncomfortable chill set in. He knew he'd suffer the same fate sitting around in the bathroom, so he decided to swallow his pride and shuffle down to the end of the hall.

He peered around the corner, and anger immediately flared inside him when he saw Hanta and Denki lounging on one of the sofas. Those assholes were dressed in their comfiest pajamas, making a show of stretching out idly over the pillows. When they noticed Katsuki's burning red eyes glaring at them from the hall, identical shit-eating grins spread across their faces.

"Oh? Forget something, Baku-bro?" Denki asked innocently.

"What're you hiding over there for, Baku-bro?" Hanta asked in the same innocent tone, fluttering his black lashes. "Come out and talk to us~"

"You assholes!" Katsuki barked, red spreading over his cheeks like fire. "You both know why I can't do that! Gimme back my towel and my clothes!"

"Whaaaaat?" Denki drawled dramatically, looking at his partner-in-crime with wide golden eyes. "Do you hear that? He's accusing us of something so terrible! Can you believe his rudeness?"

"We've given him the treasure of our friendship, and he treats us this way," Hanta tutted sorrowfully with a shake of his head.

Katsuki seethed, grinding his teeth as red began to haze around the edges of his vision. It was obvious that Denki and Hanta were going to milk their little prank for as long as they could, so Katsuki began to scan the room, searching for any sign of his stolen clothes.

As he did so, a puzzled voice floated out from the kitchen.

"Um... Is there a reason that there's a bath towel in the refrigerator?"

"Oi! Eijirou! Bring that in here!" Katsuki shouted at the top

of his lungs before Denki and Hanta could come up with some reason for Eijirou not to. The redhead walked out into the room, his eyebrows knit together in confusion while he held the towel. He looked at Denki and Hanta on the couch trying to suppress their snickers, then at Katsuki hiding as much of his body as he could behind the wall. It didn't take him long to put two and two together, and he walked up to Katsuki with a sympathetic smile.

"Aw, did they get you again?" he asked, holding the towel out to him. Katsuki snatched it up and immediately wrapped it around his waist, then straightened up like a rod when the blistering cold kissed his skin. It sent a shiver traveling up and down his spine, and the sight of his red eyes blowing wide sent Denki and Hanta into a fit of cackling giggles.

"Assholes," Katsuki muttered, holding the towel around his waist as he finally stepped out. "They ran off with my towel and my clothes! I'm sick and tired of their shit!" he snapped, bristling like a cat. Denki and Hanta anticipated that Katsuki would come flying at them with sparks exploding on his palms, so they quickly fled up the stairs, leaving howls of laughter in their wake. Mina was walking down the stairs and had to jump to the side when they dashed past, and she looked at them quizzically before finishing her walk down into the common room. When she saw the two boys, a knowing smirk appeared on her lips.

"Aw, again?" she crooned as she walked up to him.

"Don't patronize me," Katsuki grumbled. With an irritated sigh, he ran his fingers through his wet hair, pushing the dripping strands off his forehead. "Gah! Just once I wish I could give them a taste of their own fuckin' medicine!"

"Well, why don't you?" Mina shrugged, and when he looked at her, she had a devious gleam in her eyes. "How about it? Why don't the three of us prank the pranksters? I've got beef with them; they replaced all my lotion with

toothpaste!”

“I’m in,” Eijirou nodded with a mischievous grin. “They stole my entire weight set and hid it on the roof last week! I had to get Ochako to help me float it all back downstairs!”

“All right then,” Katsuki purred with delight, an evil smirk on his lips and a devilish gleam in his eyes. “These two bozos are about to get the embarrassment of their lives...”



Katsuki, Eijirou, and Mina headed up to Katsuki’s room (after they found his clothes, of course) and stayed up into the wee hours of the night to concoct their revenge scheme. Once they’d figured out what they were going to do, they snuck around the dorm in the moonlight, preparing for their epic prank; Eijirou kept a careful eye on Mr. Aizawa’s door while Mina and Katsuki went about setting up their magnum opus.

They caught a quick nap on the sofas, snoozing right through the rising of the sun; they were awakened by the sound of movement and footsteps upstairs, and they all looked at one another with sleepy but excited smiles.

Let the games begin.

Their prank was contingent on Denki and Hanta being the ones to fall for the trap. Like clockwork, they always came down together to eat breakfast, being sluggish morning people that wandered around like zombies and relying on one another not to fall asleep on the spot. To ensure their prank went off without a hitch, the three of them had slipped notes under everyone else’s door to tell them to carefully avoid the small string stretched across the bottom step of the stairs. Everyone did, giving them amused smirks as they went by; of course, Tenya came over to scold them about “two wrongs don’t make a right,” but Katsuki flipping him the bird and telling him to keep walking unless

he wanted to be next took care of that.

Finally, they heard the signature shuffle of the two dragging themselves down the stairs. They tried to look inconspicuous as they sat on the sofas, making sure they had a clear view of the stairs. A few others shuffled out to watch, curious as to what the three of them could have orchestrated to prank the best pranksters in the dorm. Katsuki held his breath as the two slowly tottered down the steps, and was unable to resist the smirk that bloomed on his lips as Denki’s sneaker came down on the string.

There was a loud *click*, and Denki froze, eyes going wide in confusion. He looked down at the bottom step, lifting his foot to reveal the now-slack string. He then looked at Hanta, then at the others, then slowly lifted his head up just in time for the huge tub of water precariously balanced on a haphazard scaffold to be tipped forward.

The two released loud yells as the water cascaded down onto them. Instantly soaked, they groaned and pulled at their saturated clothes, which now clung to their frames. Oh, but they weren’t done yet. The system of strings and pulleys and trap doors continued to click, sending a bread knife careening into a bag of flour and busting it open. The flour rushed down onto them with a *fwoosh*, sticking to the water to coat them in white, clumpy paste. While they were stumbling around on the steps and wiping at their eyes, another bucket tipped forward, sending glitter and confetti and sprinkles raining down onto them. When they finally tottered into the common room, they looked like a gaudy mess straight out of Eri’s wildest fantasies.

“How’s *that* for a prank?” Katsuki howled, jumping to his feet to point at them. “How do you like them apples? Now I bet you’ll think twice before screwing with us!” He tipped his head back as he yowled in laughter, so excited and pleased with himself that sparks danced over his palms. Denki and Hanta just pouted at him, goopy flour sliding down their bodies and puddling on the floor.

"Were you guys up all night doing this?" Kyoka snorted in laughter, walking up to the string that had set off their crazy set of contraptions. "Talk about dedication."

"You three!" Tenya cried, running up with his arms going every-which-direction. "Look at the mess you made!" He wildly gestured at the floor, which was covered in water and flour and a glittery, confetti mess. "I hope you intend to clean this up! Mr. Aizawa will be furious!"

They all looked to the teacher's door as it opened. The man came shuffling out, immediately stopping when he saw Hanta and Denki staring sheepishly at him. Mr. Aizawa looked them up and down, grunted, and then resumed shuffling toward the kitchen.

"It's too early for this," he muttered as he passed Katsuki, who was hiding a smirk behind his hand.

"Well, I gotta hand it to you, Baku-bro," Denki sighed, trying to shake the floury goop off his hands. "You got us."

"Sure did," Hanta nodded in resignation. He grimaced as one of the confetti bits slid down towards his eye, and he tried to flick it away only for it to stick to the end of his index finger. "Yep, this little prank of yours is exceptionally devious..."

Katsuki crossed his arms as his chest swelled with pride.

"Hey! Don't forget about us!" Mina huffed, pushing past Katsuki to stand beside him with her hands on her hips. "This was a collaborative effort to get back at you two for all the pranks!"

"Yeah!" Eijirou cried.

Denki and Hanta looked at one another out of the corners of their eyes. Katsuki's bubble of satisfaction burst in an instant, for he recognized the mischievous gleams in their

eyes. The pair looked back at the trio with grins stretching across their faces.

"You *do* realize that this only evens the score, right?" Denki said with a matter-of-fact wiggle of his head. "You can't possibly think that this is all it takes to defeat us..."

"That's right," Hanta laughed, straightening up and crossing his arms smugly. "You'd better be prepared, 'cuz now we're gonna have to cook up something that makes this little performance look like a party trick."

Katsuki felt the blood drain from his face, and when he looked at Eijirou and Mina, he found they were equally as pale. His fear immediately became replaced with anger, and he whipped his head back around to the two of them, a vein bulging in his forehead as his blood pressure spiked.

"You little shits! Come *here!*"

He launched himself across the room with his explosions. Denki and Hanta hastily jumped aside, and Katsuki landed in the mess of his making. He let out a strangled yelp as his socks slipped in the clumpy flour, sending his feet right out from under him. He landed flat on his back, and he instantly scowled as the sticky mess of water, flour, glitter, and paper stuck to his entire backside. He just laid there, listening to Denki and Hanta howling with laughter and exchanging high-fives.

I should have just done it the old-fashioned way and knocked them upside the head, he thought with a groan. His attempt to outdo the pranksters had been a valiant effort, but it seemed that these two devious minds simply could not be outdone...

He'd have to keep a better eye on his stuff from here on out, or he might find that it won't be quite as easy to find next time...



Tell me why!
Ain't nothing but a heartache

LIVED-IN RHYTHMS

Written by Jane | [Table of Contents](#)

The thing about living in each other's pockets for three years straight—of living through everything from war to Ochako's pre-breakfast mood together—is that you kind of fall into each other's rhythms, circadian and otherwise.

Ask anyone: Jirou Kyouka knows a lot about rhythms.

It's how she learns their class; their smiles, their strengths, but also the way they tap their feet against the ground when they're bored during English. The sounds they make when they release a quirk, whether it's an earth-shattering explosion like Bakugou or a quiet *snikt* like Sero's tape.

The sound of their heartbeats too, with all their minute variations. Kyouka knows how it sounds when Momo is steeling herself, when Kaminari is stressed out, when Kirishima and Iida are giving Midoriya a pep talk.

When she and Kirishima had decided to flat together after graduation, because both their agencies were in the same area of the city, his heartbeat had sounded—excited, kind of. Not frenetic, but the way it gets when they're talking about having meat for dinner, or celebrating Ochako's birthday, or Mina's telling them about her new dance routine. It's the sound of his heart looking forward to something, and that had warmed her to her bones.

It's the same sound his heart's making now, talking to her about his next mission.

"We're teaming up with Ryuukuu's agency! Which even Amajiki-senpai is excited about, I think, because of Nejire-chan, and I'm looking forward to working with Ochako and Tsu—" he's saying when a sudden knock on the door interrupts them.

They give each other a confused glance. Neither of them had anyone planned to come over, and it's not like anyone outside of their classmates and families know where they live. Though, actually, those are exactly the people who would pop in unannounced, Kyouka realises, huffing a laugh.

"I'll get it," Kirishima says, bounding towards the door.

Moments later, Kaminari comes barrelling in and immediately dives, head-first, into their couch.

"Uh, hi?" Kirishima says to a now empty doorway, laughing a little as he turns to face the now-Kaminari-laden couch. "You good?"

There is a deep, dramatic sigh. It's muffled—by a pillow, Kyouka presumes, though it's hard to tell from her angle—but very much recognisable. She and Kirishima exchange a glance. They've heard this sound a lot over the years.

Kirishima moves to stand over the couch, looking down at him with exasperated fondness. "Is this a, like, *I accidentally electrocuted my boss' cat* kind of moan...?"

"Or did you strike out?" Kyouka asks bluntly, raising an eyebrow at the back of the couch.

There's a squawk, then Kaminari sits up, giving her an indignant look.

"No!" he cries. "I did not *strike out*, thank you very much. I don't..." He bites his lip, looking at her searchingly, in a way that makes her cheeks a little warm, before evidently changing tacks. He looks up at Kirishima—currently looking right back down at him, a little amused—and says, "Also no, Mochi is fine. And she was never electrocuted! Just, y'know, a little bit of static shock."

Kyouka's eyebrow travels higher. Kaminari, demonstrating

an apparent telepathic instinct for her eyebrow movements, says, "It was just some fur sticking on its end, that's all. Anyway, not the point!"

"Please enlighten us," she deadpans.

"I locked myself out of my apartment," he says. Whines, really.

There's a beat. Two. Then:

"Oh. Did you want me to... break down the door?" Kirishima asks, looking uncertain.

Kyouka and Kaminari train twin incredulous looks on him.

"No, are you crazy? Who am I, Todoroki? I can't afford to replace a door," Kaminari exclaims. "I just wanted to commiserate with my best friends."

"Oh, want me to call Sero?" Kyouka teases, which makes Kirishima laugh and Kaminari squawk again.

"Mean, Jirou!"

"Yeah, yeah," she says, waving her hand dismissively at him as she gets up from her seat. "Want some tea?"

"Yeah, d'you have any of Yaomomo's fancy ones?" he asks, perking up.

"I'm texting her to cut you off," Kyouka threatens, but she grabs the tin down from the cupboard anyway. A moment later, she takes down the cocoa powder too, then three cups. Tea for her and Kaminari, hot chocolate for Kirishima.

She doesn't miss the easy smile he shoots her when she brings it over; just hides her own smile in her cup as she takes a sip of her tea.

Lived-in rhythms, is all.



Almost all of Kyouka's best memories are from UA. Unfortunately, so are most of her embarrassing ones.

One of which includes the parent-teacher interviews near the end of second year. It had been mostly going well—Aizawa-sensei was as pragmatic but quietly invested in her well-being as ever, and All Might called her dad *kid* at one point, which made her mother laugh into her hand until she cried—until they got to English.

Which, to be fair, had been going well until the very end. That was when her father decided to lift his fist to Present Mic-sensei. For a bizarre moment, Kyouka had wondered if he was going to punch someone for a difference in opinion about the subjunctive, but then she realised it was so much worse.

He was holding his fist out for a *fist bump*. And Present Mic-sensei, in an act of warfare against her, was *returning* it.

"Thanks-for-everything-Mic-sensei-but-we'd-best-be-going-now-bye!" she'd said, not once pausing for breath, dragging her father out by the arm. Her mother had followed, smothering a laugh, as Kyouka had turned on her father.

"You're not allowed to talk to my teachers ever again," she'd instructed him.

"What's wrong with a fist bump?" he'd cried. His lips had been twitching though—warfare!—and she'd narrowed her eyes.

"This is so embarrassing," she'd groaned, then: "We're getting burgers for dinner as reparations."

Her dad had laughed, pressing a kiss to the side of her head as he agreed, while her mother came up behind them both and wrapped an arm around their waists, walking out of the school as a unit.

And that should have been the end of that.

Except Jirou Kyoutoku is a menace, and Kirishima Eijirou insists on labelling 'menacery' as 'manliness', so Kyouka is eighteen and watching in rapidly escalating incredulity as her roommate opens the door to let her dad into the apartment, and proceeds to not only fist bump him, but *complicated handshake fist bump him*.

"What," she says flatly. "What did you guys just make my eyes see?"

"Your dad's so cool, Jirou," Kirishima enthuses.

Her dad preens. "You hear that, Kyouka? I'm cool."

"Mega manly," Kirishima adds, which—okay. On brand for Kirishima. Still has Kyouka making a face at them both.

"I should cut you off," Kyouka mutters. "No manliness for you, no fist bumps for you." She directs this to Kirishima and her father respectively; both make matching puppy dog expressions at her.

"But Jirou!" Kirishima cries out. "Manliness makes the world go round!"

"Yeah," her dad says, looking amused. "What he said."

"That's so not true," she says, but she's laughing a little as she flops herself down on the couch, looking up at them. "Anyway, what's up, Dad?"

"Oh, you know," he says easily, grinning a little. "Just up to some manly activities, you know how it is."

Kirishima's laughter and the sound of them fist-bumping again fills Kyouka's ears as she smashes a pillow over her face, Kaminari-style, and groans.



"Oi, Ears, where the fuck are your plums?" Bakugou yells from the kitchen, where he's banging pots and pans. Quite literally.

"I don't think we have any?" she calls back, flummoxed.

"What! It's a staple," he says, emerging from the kitchen with hands on his hips and incredulity painted across his face.

"In what world?" Sero asks, snorting.

"How the fuck do none of you starve to death?" Bakugou complains, before breaking into grumbled muttering as he stalks back into the kitchen.

Kyouka and Sero exchange a look. Technically, they can all make food—even if the range amongst the rest of them varies wildly from instant ramen (Mina) to a passable oden (Kirishima, which Mina says is cheating because one of his mothers is a chef, to which Kirishima always protests that it's not a cooking competition)—but the obvious reason that they still regularly get to eat quality food without having to broaden their recipe horizons is because Bakugou continues to make it for them.

Collectively (and, most importantly, *silently*), they've all decided over the years to keep quiet instead of bringing his attention to it. Kaminari, occasionally, looks tempted to backchat him, but they've all made the wise decision to elbow him in the side on occasion (and once, notably, Sero just straight up slapped his tape across Kaminari's mouth, which was effective, if not subtle).

"Why is he in your kitchen?" Sero murmurs, looking up from the mission report he's been pretending to read for the last fifteen minutes. Kyouka recognises the signs; she's sat through enough of Momo's study parties with him over the years.

Kyouka rolls her eyes. "Officially, Kirishima isn't eating efficiently enough for his quirk usage and apparently he bets I'm not either," she says dryly.

Sero raises an eyebrow. "And unofficially?"

Kyouka shrugs. "It's Fuyumi's birthday tomorrow—you know, Todoroki's sister? Kirishima says Bakugou never misses it, and Todoroki muttered something earlier about a disproportionate reaction to a mapo tofu recipe, but like—well, you know Bakugou."

"Disproportionate reactions to pretty much anything is on brand for him, yeah," Sero agrees, something wry in the set of his lips. "How's that gonna work out with his cover story though? And what the hell do plums have to do with anything?"

"He always goes above and beyond," Kyouka scoffs. "Pretty sure he's making a feast in there and he'll only let us eat half of it, and even *that* will be too much."

"I can hear you!" Bakugou yells out from the kitchen. It's impressively loud, given it echoes through the apartment even over the sound of his furious mixing of—Kyouka has no idea what, but imagines she'll find out within the next three hours.

Sero winks at Kyouka, then lifts a finger to his lips. She raises an eyebrow back, but obliges, sitting back to watch in amusement.

"That's our Blasty, still spry in his old age!" Sero calls, shit-eating grin on his face. "I *told* the tabloids that you were

only geriatric at heart."

The threatening blasts and approaching footsteps are all the warning they get; still, it's enough for Kyouka to vault over the back of the couch and use it for cover, laughing a little as she does.

"Mercy," Sero pleads, not very convincingly. Kyouka pulls out her phone to text Mina: *sero's dying in my living room. got a eulogy ready?*

"You wish!"

Mina: *how's this? 'he died how he lived: making ill-advised choices in kyouka and eijirou's living room'*

Kyouka: *more perfect than you know*



"So," Kirishima asks, sidling up to her on the balcony. "Good night?"

Kyouka glances back at him, and smiles. "Yeah, think so," she says. She tilts her head to look back over her shoulder at their apartment—at the former-classmates-turned-lifelong-friends still inside—and adds, "Mina seemed to be having a blast."

Kirishima chuckles. "Yeah, she loves Christmas," he says. "Remember first year, when she and Kaminari kept trying to get Bakugou all kitted up in Santa gear?" He shakes his head, snorting a little. "She never gives up, that girl. Been like that the whole time I've known her."

"Super manly," Kyouka says, a little teasingly, but Kirishima nods emphatically.

"Hell yeah she is!" he insists. "Bravest person I've ever met. Well, okay, Midoriya, and Bakugou, and All Might,

and Aizawa-sensei, and Eri-chan, and Amajiki-senpai, and Yaomomo, and all of you..."

Kyouka laughs as he starts trailing off, counting people on his fingers. He flushes, then says, "I can't help it! I have so many inspiring and cool friends!" He quiets, then adds, "Mina was the first, though. I saw Midoriya on the news that year too, and Bakugou, kind of—he was covered in sludge, though—but I remember the very first villain we ever saw, and Mina just... totally stood up to him. In middle school! Scared out of her mind! That's *Crimson Riot* behaviour, y'know?"

"That's Red Riot behaviour too, if you ask me," Kyouka says, nudging him in the shoulder with hers.

He smiles at her, brighter than all the stars in the sky, and rubs the nape of his neck. "You think so? Thanks!"

"Yeah, totally," she says, her earjacks pointing at him like Kaminari's favourite move: finger guns. "You're super manly."

"Manly enough to get fist bump privileges back?" he asks hopefully.

"Get real," she returns, then sighs at the puppy dog expression he immediately adopts. "Okay, fine, but only with me," she says, lifting out her fist. "My dad's fists are still a time-out zone."

"You drive a hard bargain, Earphone Jack," he says, but he's grinning as he lifts his fist to hers.

"That's how I thwart crime," she quips. "Hard bargains and withheld fist bumps."

"That would reform me," he says seriously.

"So would baby cows," she points out, laughing a little.

"Not sure you're the hardest bar to clear."

"They're so cute," he says, but before he can continue, the door opens.

"Oh, there you guys are," Mina says, looking exasperated. "I've been looking for you for, like, fifty years."

"It's been like ten minutes," Kyouka says dryly, to which Mina waves a hand.

"Details!" she dismisses. "Anyway, c'mon, we want to take a group photo! Todoroki's made a camera stand out of his ice, so let's take it before it melts."

"Wouldn't Sero's tape have worked?" Kyouka asks as she lets Mina drag her inside. "Or even Momo could have made an actual stand?"

"This is why you should never go outside," Mina says solemnly. "You're the ideas girl."

"That is so not true," Kyouka says, Kirishima snorting as he closes the door behind the three of them.

"Ears, hurry up!" Bakugou yells. "This is taking too long."

"Yeah, Grandpa needs to get to bed," Sero says, snickering as he dodges a kick from an irate Bakugou.

"All right, all right," Kirishima says, somewhat placatingly. "We're here now."

As they all arrange themselves in the line of the camera's sight—which, hilariously, involves Mina and Tsuyu perching themselves on Iida's shoulders, and Ochako floating herself to be visible above Sero's and Momo's heads—Kyouka muses on that. *We're here now.*

It's true, she decides. This is only their fourth Christmas together, which doesn't seem like much, but they've gone through so much over those years together that it's hard to quantify. But they're here now. They made it, and they're still together, and here she is, on Christmas, surrounded by her best friends.

She wouldn't swap it for anything.





EXTRAS FOR LIFE

Written by tytyty, Art by Bringmemisery | [Table of Contents](#)

If you asked Bakugou what his ideal day of relaxation consisted of, he probably wouldn't answer. If he did, though, he'd most likely say that he'd want to be alone, focusing on his training or some form of exercise. For the most part, that was true.

Bakugou was never one to 'take it easy'. He enjoyed exerting himself. He wanted to feel his muscles ache. He wanted to sweat. He wanted to know that he was making progress, getting stronger, coming closer and closer to his goal of being number one. In order to achieve his goals, he couldn't sit idle and take a day for rest and relaxation, but some people refused to accept that.

To say that Bakugou was irritated when Kirishima roped him into leaving campus for a day out would undoubtedly be the understatement of the millennia. For the life of him, Bakugou couldn't fathom how everyone had come to not only overlook his explosive persona, but accept and welcome it even.

Kirishima alone was one thing, he was completely nonplussed by Bakugou's attitude and never backed down from him even once—it was one of the reasons Bakugou had come to respect him so quickly. Kirishima wasn't the only one though.

Bakugou was currently trudging uphill on a narrow and downright hazardous trail up a mountain, leading the way with Kirishima right behind him—and behind Kirishima was Jirou, Ashido, Kaminari, and Sero. They were all chatting casually, far too happy for the occasion if you asked Bakugou, and he just didn't understand why they all wanted this; why they wanted to go hiking with him.

It was ridiculous, honestly, even laughable. The most ridiculous part of it, however, was that for some reason, Bakugou didn't hate it. There was even a very small probability that he even liked the soft tune Jirou hummed as they hiked along, or Kaminari and Ashido being so excited by every little thing on their way. Kirishima was the most annoying of the bunch, only because he hovered, and Sero was the easiest to deal with—or, the quietest at least. Still, Bakugou couldn't figure out how he'd gotten to this moment, and why he wasn't furious that he had.

He should've been back at UA training, but he told himself that hiking was endurance training. He told himself that this was all for the greater good, somehow. Bakugou refused to accept that he was actually enjoying this day of nonsensical reprieve.

Their hike only ended once their destination was reached. Roughly midway up the mountain was a small clearing where the few who dared to attempt the hike would set up camp, which was what Bakugou and the rest of the crew had done. How had they convinced him not only to tag along, but to plan to camp out with them as if he could bother with such leisure activities? Bakugou scoffed at himself and his wayward thoughts as he set up his own tent and left his things inside.

Only a couple of meters away was a rocky creek which the group ventured over to once they were all finished setting up their tents. The water was clear and cold despite the warmth of spring, the rocks appearing like decorations in an assortment of sizes and shapes. Ashido was really the most excitable of the group, needing nothing more than a single fish to come into view for her to squeal and nearly topple over into the creek. She would've, if not for Sero who caught her.

Bakugou clicked his tongue, but he didn't chide her. He only wished that she would get to do things like this more often.

He wished that they all got to do more things like this more often.

His enjoyment didn't fully settle with him until later, when the six of them were seated around a fire, sharing their hopes and dreams, fears and dislikes, and their fondest memories, that Bakugou came to realize that his friends tied into all of those things for him.

He hoped they all sought out and achieved greatness, and the memories he cherished most, every single one of them, kept coming back to one of his friends in some way.

Of course, their time together on the mountain would be at the top of the list.

Whether he admitted it or not, which he most certainly wouldn't, Bakugou not only appreciated his friends, but he wished them well. They helped him grow, helped him open up and become a better person—helped him get one step closer to becoming the hero he longed to be one day. He was stronger, not only thanks to himself, but thanks to them as well. They pushed him, they praised him, they saved him... and in return, Bakugou did all those things for them, too.

Yes, they were all annoying as hell, but beyond that, they were *his* annoying as hell friends and they were stuck with him whether they liked it or not.

Bakugou was his most at peace with them, because in some unfathomable way, they understood him. He could be himself. He didn't have to worry about judgment or competition. What he had now, sitting around the fire with them, was not what he would dare to voice as his ideal day of relaxation. It wasn't quiet, in fact, it was loud. It was too loud, too crowded, too cheerful, and it honestly made Bakugou never want to be alone again.

When or how these guys had actually become something

important to him, he didn't know. Even still, he was glad. He was thankful. He hoped they knew somehow that he did care, deep down—because he was never going to say it. Not even on his deathbed.

No matter how adamant he was about steering clear of all of their nonsense, somehow they always got him involved in the end—and he was glad for that. It meant more to him than words could ever express anyway, so they'd better know and accept it if they knew what was good for them.

The day was long, but it felt unbearably short. The sun set too soon, and night fell upon them. They were all too lively, seemingly even more so as the hours passed. Bakugou didn't care where he was or who he was with, when it came time for sleep, he would get his sleep no matter what.

"Alright, all you extras, time for bed." He stood and stretched his back, grunting at hearing it pop. Sitting on a log for hours was not on his to-do list, nor would it ever be again, but he had no regrets.

"Bed?" Kaminari and Ashido whined at the same time, fully prepared to argue with him about it.

"Come on, Bakugou, it's like eight o'clock," Kirishima pointed out, only to follow with, "You're really gonna make us crash early, huh?"

Bakugou growled, already on his way to his tent, refusing to look at either of them. "Don't you idiots know how important a full night of sleep is?" He scoffed and gritted his teeth at hearing them laugh at his words. "You heard me, so get to sleep already."

"He orders us to sleep because he cares," Jirou mused and while Bakugou flinched when she said so, he didn't deny it.

He couldn't deny it, because it was the truth. He cared a

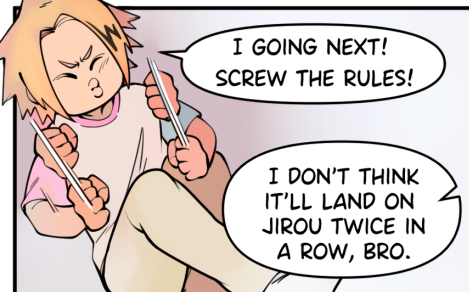
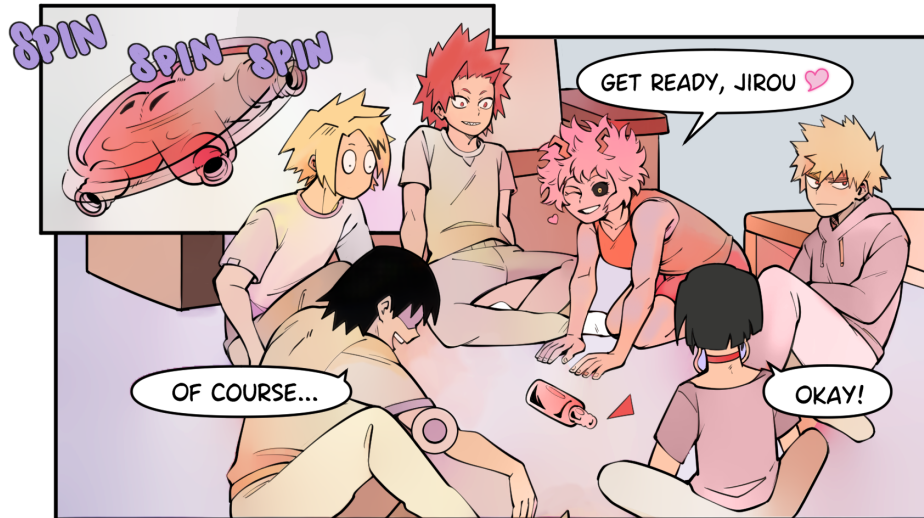
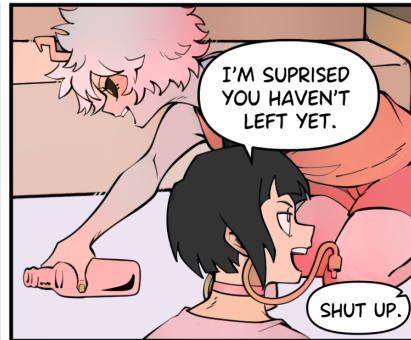
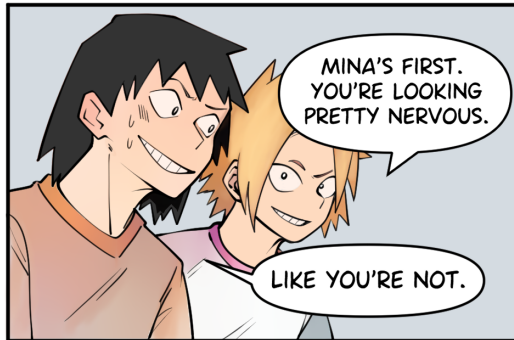
lot.

"Just do what I said, damn it," he demanded before roughly opening up his tent and getting into it.

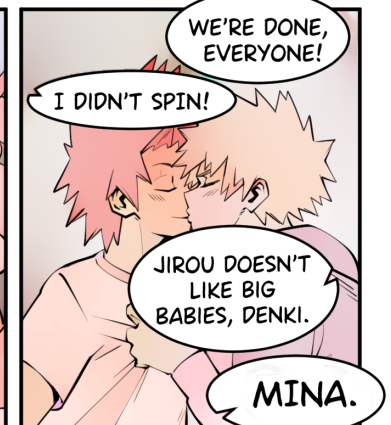
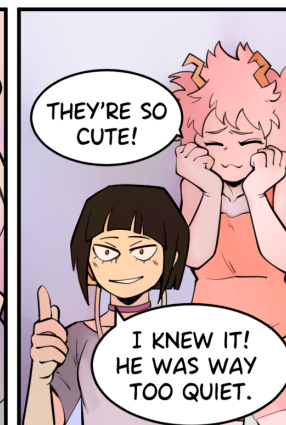
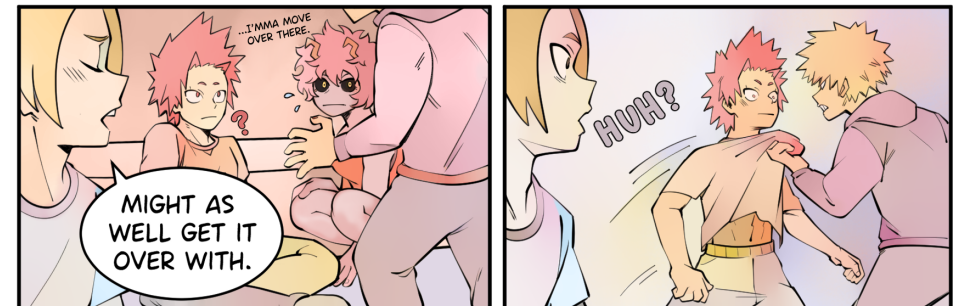
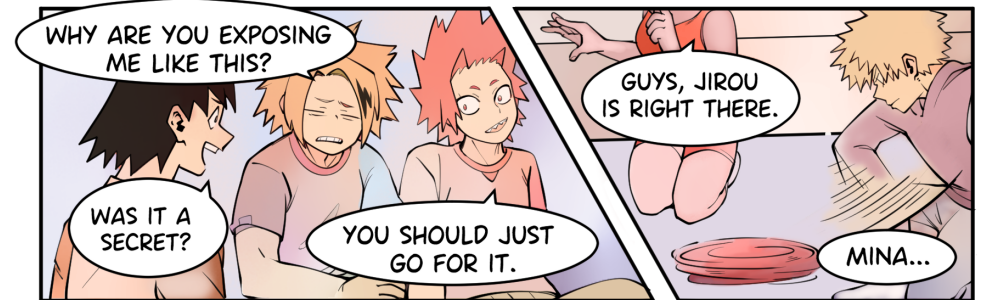
After he was lying down, staring at the roof of his tent with a content sigh, Bakugou smiled. He felt more rejuvenated than he ever had before in his life, and he was secretly hoping that those idiots of his forced him into more activities with them. He'd complain some more but they wouldn't care, and he was counting on that.



OKAY, EVERYONE, LET'S START!



@QUIETRESPITE



@QUIETRESPITE

HELP WANTED

Written by Pluto | [Table of Contents](#)

Hanta was... nervous. And that's putting it lightly.

It wasn't his normal type of nerves, either. His normal type of nerves, like when he gets anxious about a test or training, he can handle. This, however—this heart stuttering, chest tightening, wants-to-throw-himself-off-a-cliff kinda nerves—he could not. It didn't help that this person was the prettiest thing that Hanta had ever laid eyes on. Although *thing* may not be the best term to describe Hanta's date. Gods, he wasn't even sure he *could* describe them. They were just so perfect in every way, an angel that came down to bless the earth, and somehow Hanta had gotten a chance to take them out? It was some sick joke, but he was walking right into the punchline with open arms at this point. If it wasn't for the nerves he'd approach them and tell them he'd take them out right now rather than wait for their seven o'clock meeting time. He knew they both didn't have anything to do today, having finished any homework yesterday and this being a Saturday. However, he didn't, not knowing if that was a good way to go about it or not. Would that be seen as desperate? He wasn't sure.

There was a knock on his door, and then Denki, followed by Mina, walked in. He didn't mind, he had his door unlocked for a reason, but their sudden presence did startle him a bit. "Uh- what's up guys?" He asked, sitting up and tucking his phone away.

"We have come to help you," Mina chirped, grabbing his hand.

"Help me with what exactly?"

"Please," she rolled her eyes, "you haven't come down for

breakfast this morning and it's almost one-thirty. You're obviously stressing about something, and we have a pretty good guess as to why."

"That and we heard you listening to that Cherry Wine song you listen to when you're pining," Denki added, now aiding Mina in her attempt to pull Hanta out of his bed, "Decided serious intervention needed to be had."

"It's like you have a giant 'Help Wanted' sign on your forehead," Mina joked, giggling.

"Besides, are you even ready?"

"It's not 'till seven," Hanta said sheepishly. This is true, but they don't need to know why his closet is a mess right now either. It definitely was not a mess because he was up late last night trying to come up with a decent outfit.

"Not an excuse," Mina reprimanded.

They finally managed to get Hanta up and out the door, being told Katsuki was making him something to eat in the kitchen and then they'd go to Mina's room where they have prepared some options for clothes. He was not stupid enough to turn down Katsuki's cooking. Especially where he was hungry enough to eat a horse. The meal was simple, to Katsuki's standards; just one of Hanta's favourite curries. He did have seconds, of course, which Katsuki had already predicted. There was plenty for his friends as well.

Afterwards, he couldn't escape Mina's and Denki's grip. They dragged him to the elevator, even as he resisted. Realistically, he knows he should accept their help, as he was terrible when under pressure. That, and they always knew what to say when he needed it. Even though anything else they say usually doesn't help him at all.

"Why can't I wear what I already have?" Hanta asked as he leaned against the elevator wall.

"Because, Hanta, when you get like this you make dumb fashion choices," Mina said gently.

"Yeah, besides, this is more fun," Denki chimed in.

"More fun'," Hanta mocked. "I'll just be your dress-up doll for the next little bit."

"Exactly!"

"Only cause we love you," Mina added.

The elevator dinged above them, and Hanta was led to Mina's room. There were already three outfits set aside, and Hanta could see a pile of more on the chair. For some reason, the clothes looked familiar.

The realization hit him a moment later. "Did you guys go through my closet?" He asked, exasperated. He was wondering why he couldn't find any of his good clothes last night.

"We are legally required to obtain all decent clothing before a date," Mina said matter of factly.

Denki nodded in agreement. "Especially if they're for you. Like I said before, you get all jittery and then you don't make good decisions. As your friends, and from the good in our hearts, we must help you pick an outfit."

Hanta rolled his eyes, "You guys are insufferable, you know that?"

"You love us," Mina teased.

They got to work after that. Mina first put him in something a little more casual. It was something he'd wear on a normal day, however, so they decided to scrap it. Next was something entirely too fancy, so that was scrapped as well. Hanta liked both options, but he trusted his friends to

some degree right now. The third option was a bit better, blue jeans with a black turtleneck. They set that one aside to be retried if they couldn't find anything else. After that, they slowly went through the variations, until they came to a block.

"You said you were going to a sit-down restaurant? Is it nice?" Denki asked, hand rubbing his chin.

"It's more of a family restaurant. Fun but still somewhat formal," Hanta said.

Both of his friends sighed at the same time, seeming to have had the same thought.

"What?"

"It's not terrible," Mina commented.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Well, I mean, family restaurant? With a bunch of kids and stuff?" Denki said gently. "You sure there's not a better option?"

"We're going at, like, seven pm. Plus, I have a reservation for a private room so even if there were kids, I'm sure they won't be much of a problem," Hanta defended himself. He wasn't an idiot.

"Better," Mina hummed thoughtfully, "but what do we put you in?"

They put him in and out of what felt like a hundred different outfits, all with their own style and vibes. They would change one piece out, but then change their mind, putting a completely different thing on. At one point they were getting him to retry certain outfits again. After almost two full hours of this, Hanta was starting to get tired. He loved his friends but this was getting a little bit too much.

"Can we take a break? I'm starting to feel like some life-sized gangly doll here," Hanta whined after yet another rejection.

"Yeah, I think that's for the best," Mina sighed. "Sorry Han. We might have gotten carried away."

"Yeah man, we didn't expect it to go this far," Denki added, sitting on the edge of the bed. Hanta followed him, quickly flopping onto his back. He was too tired to sit up right now.

"Maybe this is a sign," Hanta muttered, saying his thoughts out loud. "Maybe I can't find an outfit because it's the universe saying that I'm not good enough for this."

"Don't say that," Mina reprimanded immediately. "Do you know how lucky anyone is to date you? God, everyone should be jealous of that date of yours."

Hanta rolled his eyes, cuffing in an amused way. "Very funny, Mina. You know me getting this date was some offset chance. Besides, no one has shown interest in me at all."

"Not- not interested in you?" Denki choked out the words. "Have you not seen anything going on around you? At all?"

"What do you mean?" Hanta asked. He propped himself up on his elbows so he could see his friends better. He didn't want to believe that they were insinuating that people could have a crush on him. Hanta was a pretty observant guy, he thinks that he would notice something like that.

"Oh, yeah. All kinds of people have been looking your way," Mina hummed, folding a shirt she had in her hands. "I think they're scared off by Katsuki always being around. Something about how he looks at them just... scares them

off completely."

"So you mean to tell me that I could have had a date a long time ago, but Katsuki scared them off?" Hanta asked. Why didn't he notice?

"For good reason," Denki chimed in. "It's not like he does it accidentally. You know Katsuki can read people better than any of us. I have reason to believe he's protecting you."

Hanta scoffed. "Protecting me? Katsuki? Please, he'd blow me up any chance he got."

"He did the same for Kiri," Mina pointed out.

"Yeah because this is Kiri we're talking about. It's different. You know how he is with Kiri."

"You know what I mean," Mina huffed.

Hanta rolled his eyes, flopping back down. He knew that Katsuki had strange ways of showing his affection for them. They knew what to expect when it came to him, and really something like this isn't too out of character for him. However, some part of Hanta still couldn't get himself to believe it, though. There was just something about Katsuki caring about something as finicky as Hanta's love life that made him not believe it. Not to mention the fact that Hanta probably doesn't even deserve this first date in the first place. To say he was shocked when they said yes was an understatement.

Don't get him wrong, he is grateful and is overjoyed that this was happening, but his point stood. How many times did somebody even consider going on a date with *him* of all people? Lanky, plain quirked Sero Hanta was not going to be somebody's first choice. He wasn't flashy like any of his classmates.

"What are you thinking about?" Denki asked, leaning on his elbow beside him.

Hanta frowned. "Nothing."

"Obviously it's *something* Han," Denki sighed, "Spill."

Hanta sighed as well, eyes shutting. "I don't know man. Bad thoughts, that's all."

"Hanta please tell me you're not having second thoughts about this date—"

Hanta sat up, shaking his head frantically. "No! God, no, I would never. I just— I don't know, Min, what if he doesn't like me that much?"

"What do you mean?" Mina asked.

"What if it was a dare and now he can't get out of it?"

"You asked him out, but go on," Denki reminded.

"What if he was just being nice?"

"Do you really think he'd spare your feelings like that? Look at who it is," Mina sighed.

"What if I'm just not good enough?"

"Han..."

Denki sat up, arms folding. "Do we need to have this conversation? 'Cause we can bring you a conversation," he threatened, eyes narrowing.

"Hell, we'd be able to bring even *Katsuki* into this," Mina said.

"Really?" Hanta said skeptically, his eyes rolling. "And,

what conversation exactly? It's not like anything bad is happening."

"Bad thoughts doubting just how amazing you are is not allowed," Denki said, Mina humming in agreement.

"Stop."

"You know what? No. You've done this one too many times this year, and I'm kinda fed up with it," Denki said. He stood without another moment wasted, standing in front of Hanta. "Prepare to be uplifted so hard, sir, 'cause I don't plan on shutting up for a while."

Hanta didn't react, knowing that whatever he did was going to result in Denki just going further.

"I wouldn't test him," Mina commented from her chair, fingers flying across her phone. She had to be texting someone, and Hanta had a pretty good idea who. "He will go on for an hour if you let him."

"He better not, I have somewhere to be," Hanta muttered playfully, a small smile tugging at his lips.

"Not with that mentality you're not," Denki said, holding a finger up. "Now to focus on the real point here. You, Sero Hanta, are amazing."

"Uh-huh, sure," Hanta teased. Denki's eyes narrowed as a warning.

"Take this seriously, please! I mean it, Hanta. Not only are you an amazing friend, but you're going to be an amazing boyfriend as well. You know how I know that?" Hanta didn't answer, leaning against his hands. "Go ahead, ask how I know that," he prompts after a moment.

Hanta scoffed, "How do you know that, Denki?"

"Because you're one of the most attentive people I've ever met. You know that nonchalant, 'I don't care' attitude you have? It's a façade. You care so *much*, Hanta. So much that even I question how you remember things I tell you about myself."

"He's right," Mina chimed in finally, coming over and resting her arm on Denki's shoulder. "Remember that one time I was almost out of the special shampoo I had, and didn't have enough time to go pick it up? And you did it for me, and didn't even let me pay you back?"

"I just know you love that stuff," Hanta defended, "You literally talk about it all the time, it's kinda easy to remember that way."

"You're right," Denki agreed, but quickly kept going, "but you remembered that when I go all non-verbal and stuff I just want someone to sit with me and vibe, and you just started doing that without me even asking. I'm pretty sure I didn't even tell you that, you just figured it out."

Hanta could only shrug. He guessed that was a pretty good example. He was just attentive to his friends' needs, sue him.

"Not to mention, aside from Eijirou, you're the only one that can read Katsuki well. It's like you can read his mind," Mina added.

The door opened, and Eijirou came bounding in, followed by Katsuki soon after. "I heard that Hanta needed convincing that he was amazing in every way possible," Eijirou explained, beaming.

Hanta groaned, falling back on the bed. "You did *not* get Eijirou in on this," he complained, but it was ignored.

Mina waved them over. "You two need to give at least one example of how Hanta is the most caring person we

know."

"You know when I'm pushing myself too much in training, even if I don't realize or will admit it," Eijirou said immediately. "It's like some weird sixth sense you got."

"And you know how to keep me safe the best when I short circuit," Denki added.

"You guys do realize that's just a friendly thing to do right?"

"What they're trying to get at is if you ever dated anybody, they'd be so well taken care of. Because that's just how you are. Not a lot of people are like you, Hanta," Katsuki said, tone sombre, like saying it too loud would make him seem less rough. Never mind the fact that their friend group has known Katsuki likes them enough for a few years now, but Hanta wasn't going to bring that up. "I will admit, they're going about it weird."

"Thank you," Hanta threw his hand up in agreement, relieved that someone finally got it. He sat up with a sigh. "You guys, this really is too much."

"Well, I think it's not enough until you believe that anybody who dates you is the luckiest person in the world," Denki huffed. "You're handsome, kind, have the sharpest tongue that could probably fluster the most stoic person if you wanted to--"

"Denki," Hanta groaned, flushing a bit.

"I mean it!"

"He's right Han," Eijirou said, smiling. "This person is lucky, and it's amazing that you cared about them so much. Every time that you talk about him your eyes light up, and I can tell you really like him. He's in good hands."

"When is this date, anyway?" Katsuki asked from the corner.

"I'm picking him up at quarter to seven so we can get to our reservation in time."

Katsuki raised an eyebrow, looking at his phone quickly. "You do realize it's currently six, right? Are you even dressed?"

Hanta stood quickly, "It's *what*?"

Katsuki rolls his eyes, probably expecting as much. "Come on, let's get to work. I'd be damned if you made a fool of yourself tonight after these idiots hyped you up so much."

It took them thirty minutes to settle on an outfit, the decision being streamlined by Katsuki. He made a few scathing comments about his favourite options, but Hanta didn't take it too personally. Katsuki meant the best when he did things like this, always the one to be mean in supportive ways rather than nice to spare feelings. He did like what he had picked out, however. It was a simple, black t-shirt under one of the only nice jackets he owns, a pair of jeans that he forgot he had, and the boots he typically wears on casual outings. Katsuki said it was the best that was going to happen with the time constraints, and that it was casual enough without being sloppy. Hanta genuinely liked how he looked as he checked it out in the mirror.

He didn't get much time however as he was being ushered to Mina's vanity. She gave him three options, bun, ponytail, or a half up/half down kind of hairdo. He chose a half up/half down bun, and she set to work. He knew he could do this part himself, but Mina wanted to help so he didn't get in the way. She left a few pieces in the front hanging down to frame his face, and Hanta liked the subtle touch. He wouldn't have thought to do that himself.

Denki handed him a piece of gum, knowing that the subtle

motion would help calm Hanta down. He just brushed his teeth before this all happened so he figured he was fine getting away with this. Hanta was standing in front of the mirror again, fixing the few wrinkles that he could see. It was a nervous fidget, which was caught by Eijirou, who promptly stilled Hanta's hands.

"You're fine, man," Eijirou reassured. "Never looked better, promise."

"Honestly if you didn't have a date, I'd take you out right now," Denki added, grinning at Hanta through the mirror.

Mina glanced at her phone, then hooked her arm through Hanta's. "If we're gonna get up there in time, you better start walking now," she said, steering him toward the door.

Katsuki stopped them before he was fully out of the room. "You won't fuck this up, Hanta, stop thinking it," he said, giving a small nod.

Hanta smiled, "Thanks Katsuki, that means a lot coming from you."

"You're gonna do great," Mina agreed, pushing him toward the elevator. It dinged as they got there, and Hanta was met with Uraraka and- and...

Wow, his date cleaned up nicely.

"Hi," they said, shyly.

"Hey," Hanta replied, switching places with Uraraka, who gave him a cheeky wink. "You ready for this, lovely?"

His date flushed, and Hanta could feel himself relaxing.

Maybe he wanted that help after all, but he'd never admit that to his friends.





@GRAFFITY256

“THIS IS THE HEIGHT OF AMERICA!” “THIS IS A WAFFLE HOUSE”

Written by chewhy, Art by Dhdrawings | [Table of Contents](#)

“Kings.”

Bakugou squints his eyes, scanning his cards slowly before dragging his eyes back up to Kaminari. He smirks, and slumps back in his chair, posture completely at ease.

“Go fish.”

“Fuck!” Sero falls back in his seat, throwing his hands up in frustration. “Are you sure you’re not lying?”

“You callin’ me a cheater?” Bakugou hisses, and on either side of him Kaminari and Kirishima scoot their chairs backwards. Bakugou surges across the table, grabbing Sero’s collar.

Before the situation can escalate further, the door slams open and Ashido bursts in with Jirou in tow. “You guys will never guess... What in the world is going on here?”

“Murder,” Bakugou says. His hand is still wrapped around Sero’s skinny ass neck.

“Drugs,” Kirishima blurts. He panicked.

“Gambling,” Kaminari whoops. He’s sort of telling the truth. He’s also maybe a bit too excited about it.

Sero grunts. Bakugou’s hand is still wrapped around his skinny ass neck. “Help.”

“Get off of him,” Ashido says, smacking Bakugou’s arm until Sero is finally released, spluttering. “Explain yourself.”

"Gambling," Kaminari repeats. When Ashido shoots him a glare, he elaborates, "On Go Fish. With, uh. With Pocky sticks."

Ashido hums, squinting her eyes at them. "Well, who wants to do some real gambling? In Las Vegas." Between her two pink fingers, she holds up two plane tickets. Everyone stares at her silently until she sighs, shouting, "Hello? I just won a free trip to Vegas, who's coming with me?"

"Wait..." Kaminari says, squinting at her. "The place with the Eiffel tower?"

"No, dumbass, that's Paris," Sero hisses, elbowing him. His neck is still slightly red.

"Actually," Kirishima leans over to whisper, "Kaminari is actually right for once... technically. There's the mini one, you know?"

"Everybody *shut up and listen to me*," Ashido yells until finally, everyone is staring at her. "Look, I have two free tickets and a hotel room. One other person gets a free ticket, the rest of you can figure something out, I'm sure. You can decide amongst yourselves who wins the other free ticket."

Sero raises his hand immediately.

"Yes, Sero?" Ashido asks, pointing a finger at him.

"I'll do your math homework for all of next year."

"Sold. The rest of you can figure it out amongst yourselves."

"The hell?" Bakugou grunts, frowning at them. "Tape-face isn't even good at math?"

Kirishima pats Bakugou on the back with a rueful smile.

"It's okay, buddy. I can buy both our tickets."

"Do *not* call me buddy," Bakugou hisses. He still melts into Kirishima's touch, whispering thank you when he thinks nobody's listening.

Kaminari frowns. "Wait, then what about me and Jirou?"

Jirou laughs. "My dad's plays shows in Vegas all the time. He can get me a ticket."

"Wait," Kaminari repeats. "What about me?"



Kaminari somehow manages to scrape the money together, it seems, as he's the last one of the group to roll up to the airport, decked from head to toe in red white and blue.

"What is that?" Ashido asks, jaw hanging open as she stares at his attire. Bakugou merely shakes his head and turns away, acting as if he doesn't even know the group.

"It's *Americana*! We should look the part when we arrive, otherwise they're gonna treat us like tourists and scam us!" Kaminari says, clicking his heels together. He's wearing a pair of cowboy boots on his feet to top it all off.

As it turns out, Kaminari's getup absolutely does not help them avoid any scams. In fact, it may just be a beacon for scammers, as the first cab they climb into out of the airport drops them off halfway across town, nowhere near their hotel.

"It's okay!" Kaminari says, eyes bloodshot and hands trembling a little bit from sleep deprivation after their sleepless eight hour layover. "This is the American experience!"

Jirou just shakes her head. "Let's just get some food." Sero

nods in agreement, and points across the street at a dingy looking restaurant. Half of the letters on the neon sign are dead, and the other half are flickering intermittently. Apparently, this is their best and only option.

Together, they all file inside, seating themselves in a too tight booth with their luggage sprawled across the floor next to them.

Bakugou pulls a face, holding his hands in an awkward hover above the sticky tabletops. Kirishima faceplants directly into it and begins snoring without hesitation.

When the waitress walks over, chewing gum loudly as she takes their order, Kaminari attempts to order one of everything on the menu. She raises her eyebrows at them as Ashido knocks her to the side and smiles sweetly up at her.

"Sorry about my friend. He'll just have this one," she says, pointing at a random picture on the menu.

"Did you see her makeup?" Kaminari whispers loudly. "Blue eyeshadow. American!"

Sero pulls a face. "Does it smell like pee in here to anybody else? Just me?"

Ashido snaps her fingers in their faces. "Guys, come on. Let's focus on the real issue at hand. We need to figure out where our hotel is, and how to get there, and... What in god's name is that?"

The waitress is back already, somehow juggling all their plates in her hands and barely manages to set them down on the table without spilling anything. "Let me know if you need anything else," she says, but she's already turning around to leave before Kaminari can ask for an orange juice. ("You know, like in the movies!")

Ashido is still ogling what is meant to be Kaminari's food, even though she's the one who ordered it.

It's piled high with steak, eggs, bacon, toast, hash browns, and even a side serving of another waffle.

"Steak?" she asks, incredulous. "For breakfast?"

"This is the height of America!" Kaminari shouts.

Sero is barely able to restrain him from jumping on top of the table. "This is a *Waffle House*," he hisses.

Somehow, the smell of the steak wakes Kirishima from his slumber and he pulls the plate over to himself, munching wordlessly. Strands of his hair litter the table where they were trapped by the sticky residue.

"I love Las Vegas," he says, sighing happily.



Somehow, they make it to their hotel and dump all their luggage, collapsing on the single queen bed that's available.

"Seriously? Not a *single* one of you thought to book a hotel room?" Ashido asks.

Sero shrugs. "You said you had one."

Ashido sighs, shaking her head, but gives in. It isn't as if she can exactly kick them all out right now. "Jirou and I are using the bed. The rest of you idiots are sleeping on the floor."

"Yeah, yeah," Kaminari says, waving her off. "We can figure out the sleeping arrangements later. First things first, let's do what we came here to do."

"There is no later, these are the sleeping arrangements!" Ashido shouts.

Sero ignores her and turns to Kaminari with a grin. "I know exactly what you're talking about."

They stand together, holding hands as they jump and down in glee and shout...

"Gambling!"

"Eiffel Tower!"

"Wait... what?"

Kaminari pouts. "Come on man, Eiffel Tower! We've discussed this before!"

Sero scratches his head. "I mean, yeah, we did confirm that the mini Eiffel Tower is in Vegas but... This is the city of gambling!"

Bakugou chimes in, showing interest in their plans for the first time. "I don't mind going to the Eiffel Tower. We aren't old enough to go to casinos either way."

Sero's jaw drops. "We aren't?" When everybody nods, he drops to the floor on his knees. "You all knew about this? And I didn't?"

They eventually manage to drag Sero with them to see the Eiffel Tower, and even the Statue of Liberty. On the way, Ashido lectures him about the dangers of gambling addictions until he stops moping.

In no time, Sero's mood has completely lifted, though, because even if the Eiffel Tower is smaller, it doesn't mean it isn't a tall, metal structure—meaning it's the perfect playground for Sero. He swings himself up with ease, and when Kaminari starts to whine, he brings the rest of them

up to the top one by one.

"Guys, watch this!" Kirishima shouts, and before anybody can stop him, he's jumping off the edge.

The other tourists around them gasp loudly as he careens towards the ground, but Bakugou's simply rolling his eyes and following suit, leaping off with him. Two twin, mini explosions rumble across the ground as they both land, Kirishima shattering the concrete with his hardened body and Bakugou blasting the concrete before landing a little bit further away on his feet.

Kaminari, Sero and Ashido are all busy clapping, but Jirou begins to poke at their shoulders, hissing, "Hey, idiots... I think we should get going," as she points in the distance at some police officers who are running their way, waving batons in the air.

"Oh! American police!" Kaminari yells, but his words are lost to the wind as Sero grabs him and hoists him down and they all run through the crowd together, laughing and shouting as they rush to get away.

"Vandalism isn't very hero-like," Ashido comments once they're far enough away.

Kirishima looks sheepish as he offers, "Sorry, I just wanted to test how far I could fall. I didn't think I would shatter the ground..."

Bakugou, on the other hand, shows no remorse. "Says the girl who burns through half the clothes she tries on when she goes shopping."

Ashido blushes bright purple, but merely huffs and turns away. "Where to next?"

"I know!" Kaminari says and they all stare at him warily as they wait to hear what other ridiculous idea he has next.



Unsurprisingly, they end up at another ridiculously touristy location.

"You brought us all the way here to look at... a sign?"

"Not just any sign! The amazing, incredible, Welcome to Las Vegas sign!" Kaminari rushes to stand next to it, leaning against it with one elbow. "Quick, somebody get a picture of me!"

Before anybody can snap a picture, though, Kaminari's excitement gets the better of him and he lets out a current of electricity that zips into the sign. There's only one flicker of warning before it buzzes loudly and the light completely sputters out, leaving Kaminari with a shadow growing across his face.

Jirou cackles as she snaps a picture anyway, promising to send it out to the group chat later because, "God, look at his face. He's like a baby that got his candy taken from him."

"Look," Bakugou says, turning to face them all. "Enough with the touristy stuff. I want to do something."

"I'm in!" Kirishima answers without hesitation. The others, on the other hand, look around at each other, nervous.

"Let's go hiking."

Ashido blinks, and then looks down. She's wearing heels. Jirou's wearing platform boots. Denki's wearing converse, and Sero has on some god awful water sandals. Kirishima, of course, is wearing Crocs, but he assures them not to worry as he throws them into sports mode.

"I don't think we're exactly prepared for a hike..."

Bakugou grins ominously. "Don't worry, you *will* be."



It turns out, he was absolutely wrong. They barely make it to Red Rock itself, but once they're there they realize the only one who had enough foresight to pack a bottle of water is Bakugou.

By the time they make it to the top of the canyon, they're exhausted and dusty and pretty much ready to collapse.

Flopping together, there's no time to take in the sights until they've taken a deep breather, but once Ashido finally sits up and looks, she gasps.

The sun is red on the horizons, about to set soon, bathing the already red gorge in beautiful orange and pink hues.

"It was worth it, right?" Bakugou asks when he sees them all staring, wide eyed at the view in front of them.

"It's beautiful, but... I'm still exhausted," Sero mutters.

Bakugou merely laughs, and they sit there in silence for a while, drinking in the view. It's an absolutely stunning way to end their first day in Vegas, and it's a memory that they'll cherish for a lifetime.

That is, until Kaminari speaks up again.

"So... Waffle House for breakfast tomorrow?"

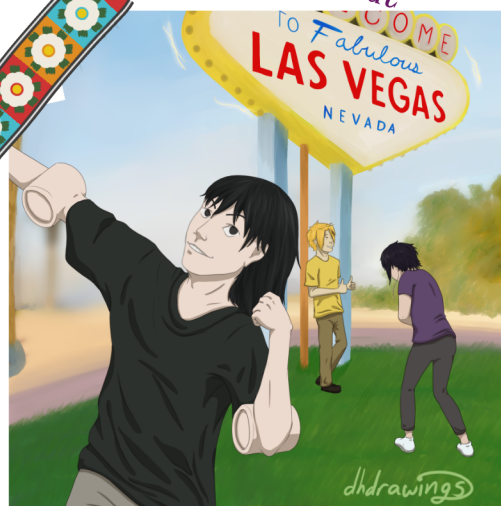
Five voices speak up in unison.

"No!"

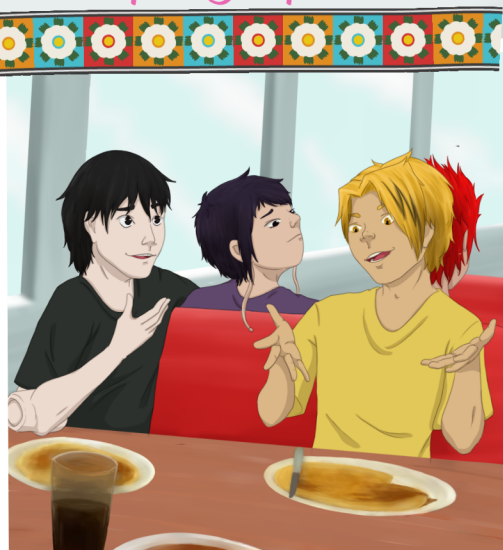


LOL Pics taken seconds
B4 disaster

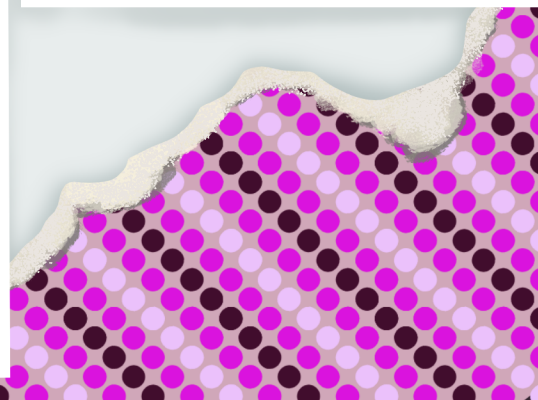
Sero didnt want me using
pretty tape 7:(



Pikachu Shorted out the
fucking sign



This is the height of America
This is a waffle house







A HAPPIER HOLIDAY SEASON

Written by kei | [Table of Contents](#)

Bakugou Katsuki/Kirishima Eijirou

Katsuki wasn't looking forward to going back to his parents for the holidays.

It's not that he didn't love his parents, but living in the dorms gave him a sense of freedom that he could never truly experience back home, and he didn't have to worry so much about his mother barging in at the crack of dawn to get him to do chores or to accompany her to the grocery store.

So when Aizawa-sensei makes an announcement saying that the dorms will be open for the winter break because of the upcoming storms impacting flights home—well, how could Katsuki *not* jump at that opportunity?

He calls his parents to let them know that he can't make it home because he hadn't booked a plane ticket and tickets have now skyrocketed to exorbitant prices. Katsuki can hear the disappointment in his father's voice and the anger in his mother's.

"Dammit Katsuki, you know you should've booked those tickets sooner," she complains.

Katsuki just lets her rant until his father takes the phone again.

"Sorry about that," he says sheepishly. "If you're able to come home after all, the door's always open."

"Thanks, but I have studies to catch up on anyway," Katsuki says. "Internships ate up my time this semester." A lie, considering how he has always had impeccable time management skills when it came to his studies, but his

father doesn't call him out on his bluff.

The call ends, and Katsuki lets out a sigh of relief, knowing that he doesn't have to worry about winter break.

Katsuki promptly forgets all about the ordeal until the following evening, while he's hanging out with the group of misfits that exhibit enough brainless sentimentality to want to spend time with him.

Friends, Katsuki reminds himself. They're his friends. They have been his friends for about two years now and they're always going to be his friends.

"So, what's everyone's plans for winter break?" Mina asks, an overly cheery grin over her face as she's braiding Denki's bangs away from his face.

Hanta is draped over one of the couches reading manga when he sits up to speak first. "Aside from going home to see my siblings, I'm looking forward to continuing the tradition of making the Christmas pie with my mom."

"I'm probably just going to be playing video games during break," Denki says, with half of a candy bar shoved into his mouth. It's taking all of Katsuki's willpower not to explode at him.

Katsuki stops listening after that, turning back to his book. He doesn't understand how the holidays are so special for everyone. Every Christmas gathering has always ended with his relatives looking at him with distaste.

He continues reading until there's an arm around his shoulder and a loud screech in his ear shouting, "Kacchan! What about your plans for the holidays?"

"None," Katsuki huffs as he shrugs Denki off. "I'm gonna stay here and get some peace and quiet from all of you for once."

The room falls silent and everyone stops what they're doing.

"You're staying here?" Eijirou asks.

Katsuki raises a brow. "Yes? Did you not hear me the first time?"

Eijirou lets out a forced laugh, his hand reaching for the back of his neck. "No, no, I heard you the first time, I was just... surprised to hear that you weren't going home over break. Figured you'd go with Midoriya."

Katsuki just shrugs at Eijirou and Denki before turning back to his book. "He already left with Todoroki."

He can still feel everyone's saddened eyes on him. "Don't worry about me, I'll be fine."

The subject is dropped after that, thankfully, and the rest of the evening goes by quick enough until Katsuki kicks all of them out so that he can sleep.



The next few days are nothing too memorable. Katsuki spends most of his time in his room either studying or reading while his friends are all packing up to go home.

He does get to spend a little bit of time with Eijirou before he's set to leave, and Katsuki is grateful for the time alone. It's been a while since they hung out, just the two of them.

They're cuddling on Eijirou's bed, a habit that Katsuki can't remember how it started, but one he finds solace in nonetheless.

"Why don't you come with me for the break?" Eijirou says out of the blue. "You can meet my moms and join in on our holiday traditions!"

"Ah, I don't think that would be a good idea," Katsuki mumbles, a twinge in his chest as he says that. Of course, he'd love to spend the holidays with his best friend but he couldn't impose on him and his family like that. "Thanks, though."

He buries his face in Eijirou's chest, inhaling the scent of Eijirou's cologne through his hoodie. "I told you not to worry about me, I've been on my own before."

A faint memory comes to mind, of Katsuki spending his thirteenth birthday alone because his parents were on an overseas trip, but he dismisses it.

He survived without Eijirou and the rest of his friends before, he can do it again.

Eijirou hums. "Alright, then. The offer is still on the table if you change your mind."



As much as he doesn't want to leave Eijirou's side, Katsuki forces himself to get up and head back to his own room in the early morning.

It's harder for him to fall asleep this time around, knowing that his friends are going to leave in just a few hours, but Katsuki pretends he doesn't care.

He locks himself in his room, for the most part, hoping that no one is going to come and look for him. It doesn't work though, as there's a rhythmic knocking on the door.

Katsuki forces himself out of bed to check who's behind it, but he finds himself pleasantly surprised when he opens the door.

Standing in the doorway are Eijirou, Denki, Mina, Hanta, and Kyouka, glimmering smiles over their faces. Denki has

tinsel wrapped around his neck like a scarf, Eijirou is wearing a Santa hat, and Mina's holding a tray of cookies. Hanta and Kyouka are holding boxes of Christmas decorations.

Katsuki's jaw drops, flabbergasted that his friends are here. "What's going on?" he stammers. "I thought you were supposed to leave this morning? What happened to your family plans?"

"Well, we couldn't leave our friend all alone during the best time of the year," Mina says with a giggle. "Besides, we can be our own little family."

Katsuki's mouth is still agape, but he figures he shouldn't ask any questions. He steps aside to let them in before shutting the door.

He tugs on Eijirou's collar, pulling him closer.

"Did you do this for me?" Katsuki asks, pointing an accusatory finger.

Eijirou's gaze drifts away, avoiding eye contact. "I don't know what you're talking about," he says, his voice cracking.

Tears start to well in Katsuki's eyes, and he aggressively wipes them off with his sleeve. "...Thanks."

Eijirou envelops him in a bone-crushing hug. "Of course. Now come on, enjoy your early Christmas party."

And so he does. It's honestly the happiest Christmas Katsuki has ever had, not that the bar was set very high to begin with. Still, he's grateful for the company.

The next few days leading up to Christmas are spent engaging in various holiday traditions. Hanta teaches everyone to make pie, except a fire starts in the oven and

Aizawa-sensei is none too happy about it. Mina and Eijirou decorate the tree in the lounge with a variety of ornaments. Kyouka starts a round of Christmas carol karaoke. Denki finds some stray string lights to spice up the decorations even more.

They exchange presents at exactly midnight on Christmas Day, and although Katsuki feels guilty that he forgot to get them gifts when they went through the trouble of spending their winter break with him, none of them pay any mind.

"Merry Christmas, Kacchan!" Denki says excitedly.

Katsuki snorts, an undignified sight he wouldn't normally let anyone else see, but he couldn't give less of a shit right now. "Merry Christmas, dunceface."

Mina starts squealing. "Group hug!"

And in the blink of an eye, everyone rushes to hug Katsuki. Oh god, he's going to start crying again.



When the festivities have ended, almost everyone has fallen asleep, leaving Katsuki and Eijirou to clean up.

Katsuki sits on the couch when they're done cleaning up, mindlessly scrolling through his phone.

"Hey," Eijirou says softly.

Katsuki glances up and scoots over to let Eijirou sit. "Hey."

"Did you have fun?"

"Of course I did." Katsuki smiles softly. "Thanks, by the way. I've probably said it a whole bunch, but all of you just dropped your plans to stay with me for the break."

"Everyone deserves to spend the holidays with people they love."

Katsuki scoffs. "I don't love them."

"You love them a little bit," Eijirou counters.

Warmth fills in Katsuki's chest when he thinks of the shenanigans his friends have put him through. "Maybe I do."



TO CHERISH IS TO GRIEVE, TO ENDLESSLY BURN

Written by fizzypunk | [Table of Contents](#)

Content Warnings: mentions of death, canon-typical violence, medical setting, anxiety

Bakugou's expression twisted into a painful shape as the battle unfurled around him. He watched it all, for what really felt like the first time, in hopeless, heaping awe. It was the very first time in his fresh hero career that he felt pulled into endless directions, watching the battlefield crumble around him:

Ash fell from the sky—raining from the buildings like shed skin as they blazed in the twilight sun. Screams echoed from bystanders as they evacuated from the impact zones that left craters in asphalt, that shredded metal from skyscrapers.

Creeping into his veins was paralysis, the likes of which forced Bakugou into a trance he wasn't capable of breaking.

He would find out later that the villains they struggled to fight had the same effect on everyone: Red Riot, Ear Jack, Chargebolt—

Wait...

The only one missing was Pinky.

He broke the trance, felt it like brittle candy snapping in his psyche, and Bakugou shook his head as the crumbs dusted off his paralyzed mind. He was certain all of them must have heard the monologue in the midst of battle—it aired on a loud, open speaker from one of the four villains that spouted off about ideology. Bakugou heard it from the

ground: every antagonizing word spoken in self righteousness, every syllable drawn out into a narcissistic boast.

He heard it, and then heard the distinct sound of *interruption*.

The sound of her struggling must have been what tugged him out of paralysis.

—how fucking dare—

His fingertips sizzled with guttural anger, lit up like nuclear testing.

—How, how, how—

Bile rose in his throat and he propelled, one, two, three explosions—

He didn't see when she ran off, just a *second* ago.

WHERE IS SHE?

And then, flying through the air, he heard it again: Pinky's cry of anguish, like something took the breath out of her—

WHERE IS SHE, WHERE IS SHE, WHERE—

"Oh Heroes, come watch!" the lead member of the quartet of villains said with obnoxious flair—made Bakugou's knuckles ache for a face to put them through. "One of your very own felt as though she could outsmart *me*? Yet look at her now!"

He couldn't stop looking: Bakugou landed on a roof not too far away from under the balcony, one that was undamaged, towering above him in the halo of a sun ring. They all were looking because somehow Chargebolt, Ear Jack, and Red Riot had made it to other neighboring roof

tops beside him. Even *Uravity*, who he hadn't realized had joined the fight, was there, floating away, the guiltiest look on her face.

Explosions and the sound of crumbling asphalt rose from beneath his feet. Sounds of villainous conflict that the heroes were meant to quell and yet—

"Look at who thought I wouldn't check *my* back!" He held up an unconscious Ashido, ridiculously strong fingers wrapped around her neck. One of his colleagues, a shorter woman with wild, green hair, perched up beside him on the rooftop, and the tall villain gazed down at her. They shared a look before he continued, "Look at you, so willing to lose your life to guard a society that rots from within!"

The bastard.

Bakugou's brow furrowed, a snarl growing taut across his face as he listened to every preaching word echo across the rooftop. His dry eyes strained as he stared up at the sun-laced scene: the enormous villain had her in his hands—a brute, with a point to prove, and the twig in his hand.

He gazed through the dust and debris to Red Riot, a balcony across from him—smeared with coal and ember. They locked eyes, and Bakugou didn't have to dig a grave in his memories to remember *Heroing 101*, back in their first year.

Just keep them running their fat mouths.

It was the only solution—and he looked to Ear Jack and Charge Bolt and even Uravity and knew they all were on the same page.

Bakugou's scowl turned into a smile—brittle, convincing. "Well, you really have a way with words—it's amazing you could hear her over all the bullshit you've been preaching,

thought I coulda marched a whole fucking parade behind your back and you still would have been too into your ideology to even notice.”

A pause—and the villain went quiet, stayed quiet. It went against every typical villain’s modus operandi. The sweat on Bakugou’s body went cold.

“Still, I don’t get it—” and he felt that eerie paralysis from earlier trickle into his ears, his mind—“‘upholding society that’s rotten’ when the only rotten thing here seems to be you.”

“God DynaMight.” A look to the smaller villain, then back to Bakugou, with a sneer. “You disappoint me.”

Anger fizzled on his fingertips, and before he could open his mouth to speak, it was too late.



The aftermath was like sifting through ashes for bone: aching, painful work, searching for a colleague in the midst of battle. But in the end, it was all just mind tricks, courtesy of one particular villain of the quartet. The heroes were all victims to what they *thought* had unfolded—that Mina had died.

Bakugou found Pinky—Mina. The ground shook on impact as he landed beside her in the rubble, but maybe it was just his weak knees and weaker stomach.

He collapsed next to her deflated form—Ashido, Pinky, Stupid-Horns, his *friend*. The sound of his armwear dragging in the gravel was enormous, and he shrugged off one arm-guard to hold her.

“God...!”

His hands crept up her neck, to her pulse. She was

breathing. He hated how her eyes were closed, how ragged her costume was, but she was breathing and her pulse was strong and—

The sky started raining fresh ash again, but he knew that the rest of the heroes were nearby, reigning in the situation. The squad of villains were near, too, but even in the leftover visage of trance clinging to his mind, when he found Mina like *this*, he knew the villains were on the retreat.

The fuckers, Bakugou thought, were at the mercy of Kaminari, Jirou, and Kirishima now, and they’d make sure justice was forged.



“Breaking news as we come to you from the site of the year’s biggest Villain attack, just moments after top heros reign in the mayhem from four supervillains. We have just learned that the name of the leader and orchestrator of this violent scene is: Ravi. His strength and size quirk dwarf most villains in recent memory, after well over a year without experiencing such destruction. With him came three henchmen: Cindro, a fireworks villain; Melt, a lava villain; and Aphasia, a mind villain with a powerful quirk. The story starts when—”

“Turn that shit off, Zapper.”

The waiting room was bone cold—though that must have been in Bakugou’s mind, because it was summer, and his palms were moist. He really couldn’t stand to hear the coverage of the scene they were *just* at. He’d skipped the briefing for a reason.

“Oh, shit—sorry, Baku...”

Really, it was Bakugou who was sorry—sorry he didn’t plan, sorry he didn’t keep tabs, and sorry he didn’t know

just what Aphasia was capable of.

No one in the waiting room wanted to talk about it, but the thoughts grew loud between them like static clinging to every challenging second that passed. Kirishima was quiet, in that stupid way Bakugou just knew meant he was beating himself up for; Kaminari and Jirou whispered back and forth to themselves, and what little Bakugou could hear pissed him off because *all* of it was consolations and *what ifs*; and Uraraka had yet to say more than a few words at a time, tears in her eyes.

How did I let this happen? I did everything wrong, I gave them their opportunity, I should have been faster stronger meaner fucking better she shouldn't she should—

Pause.

I should have known it was a trick. A quirk.

But seeing her die like that, imagined or not...

He felt the rolling tundras of unease churn his stomach into something like butter, yet not nearly as smooth. He swallowed thickly and apologized to Kaminari before stalking off to the hospital bathroom in case it came crawling up his throat.

Get a goddamn grip.

And when he opened the doors, when he saw the stress on his teammates faces as they tried to calm the bubbling guilt of an upset Uraraka — he took a steadying breath and returned to sitting beside her.

"All she said was—was 'give me a boost'—" Uraraka sniffled. She wasn't even on duty when the attack happened, and as soon as she decided to join the fight...
"And I— I—"

"Knock it out," Bakugou gritted out, voice gravel-rough. "She knew what she was doing." And then, putting his arms around her shoulder, "She's gonna be okay, okay? A little fall isn't enough to take her out, and worse comes to worst, she's going to look stupid with a big cast on."

And after however long, Uraraka finally did calm down, sobs receding, and *fuck*—of course it wasn't her place to be crying, since the reality was that he was the one at fault: he let Mina out of his sights. He spent too much time on the ground instead of passing on the evacuation responsibility to his team, because if anyone was the one who went straight for the bad guy.

It was supposed to be *him* up there, going for the jugular—taking on the big boss villain.

He flexed his jaw, kept the churning under wraps—now wasn't the time.

Kaminari's voice was flat. Leaning his head against Jirou, he sighed. "Yeah. Besides, I could have utilized my quirk better... the guy was standing on a metal building, after all. Maybe if I'd been faster with evacuations—"

Jirou shoved him a bit, grabbed his attention with her earjacks by making him look at her with them. "You did your best, too, you know—I just wish I'd known about that one with the mind quirk..."

Softly, Jirou continued, bumping her head back into Kaminari's shoulder. "I could have disrupted it, if I'd known what was happening..."

Kirishima also was not immune to the quieting effect the waiting room had on all of them, and he let out a disappointed sigh. He leaned back into his chair, across from Bakugou, and caught his eye before continuing, arms crossing in front of him, "Using a quirk like that on all of us, it's just—so unmanly, so cowardly. I can't believe that I

believed she wa—

Quickly and quietly, Uraraka shrugged away Bakugou, getting up to leave. She sniffled, eyes buried behind her palms, and Bakugou knew that she was heading to the restroom for privacy.

Not that he could blame her—seeing Mina die, real or not, wasn't doing anything good to Bakugou's mental constitution either, and he almost envied how easily she was able to leave the space, the conversation. He'd have to talk with her more later, but right now...

His eyes, damn it—

"I should have been more delicate," Kirishima whispered a second later, once the door closed behind Uraraka. "I'm sorry..."

Looking at her empty seat, Bakugou ducked his head. He envied her, but he was a leader — the number two hero, and that meant he didn't get the luxury of being comforted. Of being able to excuse himself when his team was filled with anxiety and bad memories.

"Okay, listen up—"

He looked up and around, just enough to guarantee he had their attention. His eyes were glassy, and his voice had a special rough quality ingrained in it, and he knew that the people in that room knew him best of all and could recognize those facts for what they were: sadness and guilt. Still—

"I'm only going to say this once, because apparently it needs to be said: there's nothing any of you could have done that you didn't already do. Being heroes means we're all probably gonna end up in this shitty waiting room again, and we're going to have the same stupid fucking conversations. That's what we signed up for. Mina knew

this, and she did her part—dumbass decided to take an opportunity up, and that was her prerogative as a full-fledged fucking hero. And the mind-warp bitch who made us think Mina died?"

He looked down, elbows on knees and hands in each other, though he wouldn't ever admit he was praying, because he wasn't, and she was going to be okay. "She paid, right? They all did, because they're being booked and charged right fucking now, and I know ya'll didn't go easy on them. I didn't. So I don't want to hear any of this self pitying bullshit—and Kaminari, I don't know how you graduated if you honestly thought you coulda shocked the bastard in a building still full of people. Same goes for you, Shoelace-ears. You had no way of knowing."

And in the silence, with little but breaths between them and the walls and the clock, he decided it was enough. "You did what you were supposed to do."

I didn't.

"So one more word out of your collective mouth, and you're gonna have a new problem—does everyone understand?"

Kaminari nodded—looked resistant to the fact, but accepting all the same, and so did Jirou, who let out a deep breath. Kirishima, though, just kept looking at him—that soft way that made him sometimes want to take a step back, like he'd been on a ship at sea, with sea legs to match.

He didn't like *that* vulnerability, and he looked away before his eyes could see too much of Bakugou's heart. "But what about you?"

"What about me, Shitty Hair?"

"You said 'you did your best' not 'we did our best', like

we're not a team."

Not the point. "What are you, the semantics police? Of course we're a team."

"Then it's all or nothing, Baku. We did our best, okay, bro? That means you, too."

His heart beat unevenly at the accusation. "Never said I didn't. Now fuck off," he shrugged, getting up. He felt their eyes, didn't see them because he made sure he wasn't looking, and decided he'd done his job. "I'm gonna piss."

He could almost feel the rise of questions that were about to follow him if he hadn't left, and he left before those grossly soft sentiments could properly reach him. Through the double doors, down the hallway, passing a few nurses, but never stopping, not even when he saw Space Cadet—gave her a passing hand on the shoulder before moving far past the damn bathrooms, till he reached the stairs.

His heart was a stone, pressed against the brutal white of his ribs and the gross, quivering red of his insides—convulsing, like he wasn't trying to string it all back together so he wouldn't start breaking.

He'd wait till way later to do *this* bull shit.

He'd wait, and pretend his breath wasn't fast between his teeth, and that his hand against the wall wasn't important in keeping him standing...

Pinky...

The worst part was, possibly, knowing that it was in the hands of others—and that even though she was probably going to be okay, she was still going to live with the knowledge that her team wasn't there.

That he simply wasn't.

The blood in his ears drowned out the sound of Kirishima approaching, otherwise he'd have heard the door, would have felt his stupid presence, and might have picked himself up to become presentable otherwise. He didn't, though, and so the hand on his shoulder made an idle spark fly from his palm, charring the wall.

He turned around in sheer shock. "*Fuck!*"

"Woah, Baku, I'm sorry! I just—"

"Shut up, it's fine."

The following seconds were a rugged silence, punctuated only by the wisp of breath pushed out Bakugou's nose.

And then: "You sure about that, Kats?"

He'd hate to have to do this now.

"Yeah."

And even more painful was that it was happening in front of his best friend...

Shut up, you weak idiot—

Kirishima put his hands on both of his biceps, looked down at him with the softest eyes in the world, 'cause he was stupidly tall and had annoyingly beautiful eyes. Bakugou didn't try to push him away. He'd done a lot of that in his life, and it was hard to keep doing.

"I'm right, by the way."

Especially when the person holding him was the only one he'd ever want to let hold him. "You're never right... but about what?"

His hands, big and searing on him, felt like a forceful wedge between him and the shaking insides he didn't want to let tumble out. Kirishima snorted a bit, ignored the poorly developed insults, and started to move his hands up, up, up.

Quietly, to match Bakugou, "About being a team."

Bakugou looked down, let Kirishima's hands round his shoulders. "Didn't say you weren't."

"Well, you didn't really say anything..."

"It's... fuck, Shitty Hair, why'd ya follow me..."

"'Cause I always will. I know you're scared, like everyone else is... so come back with me, okay?"

And he had the nerve, the sheer *fucking* nerve to lift his chin with his hand—to guide his eyes back to meet his, to have such strength in his body and yet be so soft.

The tears on his lashes didn't spill because he wasn't about to cry like shitty Deku, out in the open like he wasn't some sort of hero that people needed for strength—but they were there and his cheeks, they were just a lit fire under Kirishima's hands.

He breathed in a shuddering breath, shook his head—

Not like this.

"Come on, Baku. Let's go back together."

And he couldn't bring himself to fall into a hug that he knew was waiting for him, but he also couldn't not crumble—just a bit. Try as he did, he didn't stop his shoulders from falling, and his head from tipping forward—

Right until his forehead met Kirishima's chest. "Damn it,

Kiri—I was supposed to be the one up there. Not her. I blinked and didn't pay attention and she was just gone...!"

"Yeah, 'cause she's a hero, and she's *Mina*. Name one person more proactive."

Bakugou snorted. "Fine. Fair."

He also hated Kirishima's lack of boundaries—and the way he'd never commit to breaking them fully, like when he was whispering in his ear but only just whispering in his ear. "You did good. We all got each other, even in tough stuff like this."

It was a shame Bakugou didn't have any good, soft words to offer back.

Kirishima dipped his head more, put a hand around Bakugou's neck. "Okay?"

"Yeah... okay, Kiri."

"You did good."

He tamed the explosions in his hands and squeezed them at his sides. "I already heard you."

"Good." He separated them, guided them to stand side by side, hand still on his neck for a last second. "Let's see if there's any news?"

"Yeah."

And he tugged him back—gave him a second to collect himself, to push his tears far back up into the ducts they tried to fall from until it was painful, but hey, he didn't cry and that was a win. When they'd returned, and he felt the eyes of his team—*friends* focus in on him, he was too tired to bite back at them.

He just let them do what they would—let Kiri sit squished beside him, let Jirou squeeze his arm in wordless comfort, let Kaminari add to that lingering touch like a group huddle. And truth be told, it didn't get on his nerves like he thought it would—

Then the doctor came in, and they all looked up, eyes bright and unwilling to admit to the fear living in them.

But the doctor didn't waste any time. "She's made it through perfectly—"

Bakugou let out a hiss—god.

"—she'll just need rest, some painkillers, and a visit from Recovery Girl once she wakes up."

Jirou, Kirishima, and Kaminari all let out sounds of relief, hanging their heads or exhaling big breaths. Bakugou thanked the doctor, made sure everyone else reeled themselves in enough to do the same and to make sure not to bombard him with questions. They learned that Mina would be awake and able to receive visitors after six hours, depending on how she felt when waking.

And when they could, they did visit her—all were strong for their injured teammate, walked in with smiles, some doctor-approved snacks, and bedside mementos, all taking their turns sharing gentle hugs with Mina.

She was in great spirits—Bakugou knew the hero in her would have done it again, if it had resulted in the heroes winning. Knew that her grin as she recounted her story and delighted in the way they all took down the villains—not a single casualty—that *this* was what he admired in her.

And his friends knew him well, when they cleared out and let him have time with her—enough to let him say his piece, to do what he felt he needed to do in his heart.

"I'm sorry."

"Why? I'm the one who jumped the gun."

"Yeah, but—"

"There's no *but*, Baku!" She grabbed his hand. Made sure they were locked eyes before continuing, "I thought I had the jump on the damn guy! I thought he'd never see me coming over his bull-shit monologuing. It just... went wrong. But we still kicked ass!"

He scoffed. Couldn't argue. "Okay, fine, Pinky—we kicked ass. Just... just let me know next time."

She waited, and he sighed after a few moments. "Fucking—please, let me know next time?"

And to that she agreed—and let him hold her hand for a great deal longer than was necessary, but it was the first time in the past 24 hours that he felt calm, that the fire boiling his blood was extinguished with the coolness of her embrace.



SMELLS LIKE TEAM SPIRIT

Written by Mina | [Table of Contents](#)

Ships: Bakugou Katsuki/Kirishima Eijirou

Bakugou can smell it.

No, it isn't the combined reek of sweat and coconut sunscreen and someone's silent but deadly fart that's overwhelmed his senses and made him start tearing up. It isn't the stink of aging vinyl seats and exhaust fumes either.

Wanna know what it is?

It's victory is what it is.

The buses that putter down a road sandwiched in-between pine trees are full to bursting with loud, restless teenagers. Some are singing folk songs in unison, others are threatening to fight each other over an issue as minuscule as a toe accidentally being stepped on, and even though Bakugou wants to tell them all to shut the hell up so his ears will stop ringing from their unruly rowdiness and deafening chorus of Yagibushi, he instead lets the chaos fuel the swelling in his chest.

It's summertime, and Camp Yuuei has finally opened it's dingy, wooden gates to returning campers and newcomers alike. For eight jam-packed weeks, he's gonna be inside a stuffy cabin with spineless cabinmates who he will make follow his every command, eat delicious barbecue, swim in Yuuei's crystal clear lakes, and play and win at ultra-competitive games that'll ultimately lead to him nabbing the Golden Nezu once the gates close before autumn arrives.

Ah, the Golden Nezu. He can already feel its weight in his hands, can already feel his eyes tearing up from the blinding glare of the sun glinting on its aureate surface. Or

maybe someone farted again. Whatever the case is, he will laugh and gloat and be obnoxious about his triumph over the other hundreds of campers there, and when he gets back home, Bakugou will line it up next to the other two trophies sitting dustless on a shelf in his room. It'll be great!

That is... if Deku doesn't win again this year.

The thought makes him growl into his handful of contraband goldfish crackers. He chomps noisily as he imagines that jelly-kneed dweeb standing on the podium at the end of the summer, smiling that stupid wobbly smile of his, holding *his* Golden Nezu, taking it home, and sitting it next to his rinky-dink All Might action figure collection. Peh! Bastard! He absolutely will not let that loser live his dream, not if he has anything to say about it. Bakugou shoves another palm of crackers into his mouth and stares angrily out the window.

"Um, Kacchan? Are you okay?" Midoriya asks from his immediate left. The two are seated next to each other, and have been sharing everything from snacks to music from the minute they stepped onto the bus all the way to camp. At first, it was whatever. No matter how much Bakugou told him to screw off and tried to keep up his usual anti-Midoriya attitude, he always relented at the sight of his big, green (and stupid) puppy eyes and pouting lips that he knows Bakugou can't stay angry at forever. They were sharing each other's space for hours, and it was fine.

Now though, he can't wait to push the little nerd off the seat, climb off the bus, and cease the endless assault of green apple shampoo and baby powder that kept going up his nose.

"I'm peachy-keen," Bakugou replies hotly.

"Oh, okay."

"Don't talk to me."

"Okay Kacchan," Midoriya says with a small laugh, one that doesn't sound nervous at all, and Bakugou suddenly stops glaring out the window and spins in his seat to face his rival. Midoriya startles and begins to shrink away, but Bakugou grabs him by the front of his shirt and brings him closer.

"Go ahead and laugh now, idiot, 'cause you won't be the one laughing last. Wanna know why? 'Cause I'm gonna be the one to win the Golden Nezu. You may have been victorious the last two summers, but I'm ending your pathetic little streak now, got that?"

Midoriya's fear is overshadowed with defiance. He grabs the fist that's holding onto his shirt and squeezes. "I'm winning the Golden Nezu at the end of camp, whether you like it or not, Kacchan. Nothing you say or do will make me give it up!"

"Whoa, are you two about to kiss?"

Bakugou and Midoriya immediately split apart and snap their heads toward the person who made the comment. Sitting in the seat before them is a boy who looks between them curiously. He's got a colorful bandaid with American superheroes sitting on his jawline and a hat that does a poor job of hiding his bad haircut.

"Don't worry, I don't judge people for who they like. Queer power!" the boy says and lifts a fist in solidarity.

"We weren't about to kiss dumbass! It was a show of intimidation," Bakugou argues.

"Were you trying to intimidate him into kissing you? Not cool," the boy grins smarmily, allowing Bakugou and Midoriya to get a shiny sight of silver sitting along his teeth.

"You want me to intimidate you into shutting your mouth and minding your damn business Brace-Face?" Bakugou snarls and stands up, an act that causes the boy to look at Bakugou in fear, whirl around in his seat, and face forward. "That's what I thought. And you." He looks back at Midoriya and does a throat-slitting gesture, but Midoriya just gives him that same shiny-eyed look that tells him he isn't gonna back down.

God, he can't wait to get to camp, put his bags down, and formulate a game plan. Screw all the singing around campfires and doing arts 'n crafts and all the other pansy-wansy goo-goo mama baby crap that doesn't matter. The camp competitions that you earn meaningful points from is where it's at.

As long as Midoriya and Brace-Face aren't on his team to botch his chances of winning, he thinks he has a good chance of taking home the trophy. He quietly laughs to himself while ignoring the worried look Midoriya gives him he can see reflected in the window.

If everything goes according to plan, then this'll be a piece of cake.



The universe hates him. It will not be a piece of cake like he thought before.

Why? Because Brace-Face is on his team. His name is Kaminari apparently, but who cares? Not him.

Bakugou swears that this is the type of stuff that happens to him and him only. Midoriya on the other hand has once again been thankfully situated onto a different team than his this year. That means mercilessly thrashing him is still a thing that's gonna be happening. He loathes the eventual summer where he and Midoriya will be placed onto the same team. *Eugh*, barf.

"Heeey, looks like we got paired together!" Kaminari exclaims gleefully and puts an arm around Bakugou's shoulder. Death-wish much? The two are walking toward their shared cabin now, wearing the same red headbands that show their team's unity.

"Do I know you?"

"You threatened me on the bus, of course you know me."

Bakugou elbows him in his side and revels in the pained grunt. "Don't flatter yourself. I don't remember the faces of anyone I don't give a damn about."

"Right. Noted." Kaminari holds himself and gives a disgruntled chuckle. "Hey, uh, you might not wanna beat up your teammates before the games start. We've all gotta be in tip-top shape if we want our chances of getting the Nezu to be high."

"I already knew that, loser," Bakugou says, not wanting to admit that he makes a good point. That trophy's his for the taking, and he doesn't want to sabotage himself.

"Cool. Let's promise to each do our best this summer, Kacchan!"



After sprinting for dear life to his assigned cabin, Kaminari breathes a sigh of relief in-between the shoulder blades of a red-haired brick wall. Calling Bakugou that cutesy nickname which shall never be uttered by him ever again lest he'd like his tongue to be snatched out of his mouth (or whatever Bakugou had threatened) was a way for him to test the waters. Now, after realizing that he's been joking and jesting too close to the sun, he's decided that in order to get through this summer without his body bloodied and bruised and laid out in the forest for the coyotes to feast on, he should watch himself.

After Kirishima, the aforementioned red-haired brick wall, successfully manages to calm Bakugou, he claps to get everyone's attention.

"Alright men! It looks like some of us have gotten off on the wrong foot, but let's not let that affect our team dynamic. How about we get some proper introductions goin', yeah? And no trying to kill each other this time!" Bakugou sends a scathing glare to Kaminari. He swallows roughly.

Kirishima introduces himself first. He's got big muscles and a bigger smile. He's like a puppy, with his genuine enthusiasm to be here with everybody, and Kaminari dubs him his favorite, mostly because he protected him from the flaming ball of rage that chased him through camp.

Next up is Sero, who has been quietly sitting back and watching the three fuss in the doorway just minutes before with a stupid smirk. He's kind of gangly, and has an open, triangle-shaped mouth that shows off orange bands and metal braces sitting along his teeth. Ah, a kindred spirit.

It's Kaminari's turn. He ignores the way Bakugou angrily squints at him, and instead focuses on giving three facts about himself: he likes hamburgers, he tried cutting his hair by himself (and obviously failed), and he is interested in philosophy.

At first, Bakugou just sits there with his arms crossed over his chest and frowns at nothing, but with Kirishima's prodding, he ends up kicking a chair over and standing on it.

"Listen up you worms, and listen good," he starts off, "I'm not here to play around, nor am I here to keep up some lovey-dovey buddy-buddy act with any of you. I'm the leader of this team and—"

"Whoa whoa whoa, who dubbed you team lead?" Sero questions.

"I did. Just now." Bakugou says.

"I dunno," Kaminari chimes in. "I think our leader should be a little nicer, y'know. Less of a... psycho."

Kaminari hides behind Kirishima again when Bakugou bucks at him.

"Do you bozos think I care? I'm not here to play patty-cake with you idiots, I'm here to win these games and get the Golden Nezu before camp ends. How the hell are we gonna do that if Team IncineRage isn't being led by a strong, fiery, ruthless leader?"

"Team *what*?" Sero asks, somewhat dumbfounded.

"INCINERAGE! It's like incinerate. Pronounced Inciner-Rage. It's our team name. I decided on it on the way here. We're not naming our team anything else so get it right." Silence follows Bakugou's introduction. He looks at his team like they're insects beneath his sneakers, while they stare back, befuddled, but in Kirishima's case, awed. "Any other stupid questions?"

They say nothing.

"Anyone wanna try and steal my leader spot from me or are you all content with being on the winning team?"

Kirishima nods. "I'm so content dude!"

Bakugou grins. He even starts to laugh a little maniacally. Kaminari and Sero give each other scared looks. "Good. Everything's going according to plan."



Everything is not going according to plan.

The last two members of IncineRage are girls, Jirou and

Mina, and they are decidedly *not* IncineRage material.

Jirou, with her stupid uneven bangs and weird ears, seems to be disinterested with the whole concept of playing hard to win big. She studies her glossy black nails while Bakugou gives his team a run-down of what they are supposed to do and stares up at the trees as if they will give her an answer as to why she's stuck here in camp.

Mina on the other hand, meshes well. At first. She's excitable and athletic, and didn't moan or cry when she got her clothes dirty from playing rough. She would be the perfect teammate, if not for the fact that she knows too many people and has the attention span of a goldfish. Whenever someone said hello to her, she would say hi back and kick off a conversation that lasted at least an hour. On the way to the fields for their first big game, Mina hugged around 58 campers in total. Bakugou knows, he started counting after the first ten.

So Mina is a popular girl and Jirou is a completely uncaring punk. Great.

"Hey, don't let it get ya down, man," Kirishima says as he places a hand on his shoulder. Bakugou feels sweat starting to dot his forehead, and it isn't because of the summer sun. "We're gonna win all the games, no matter what. As long as everyone does their best and works hard, nothing can go wrong!"

Except, because the universe seems to hate Bakugou, everything does go wrong.

Capture the Flag was a total disaster. Bakugou's first and biggest mistake was trusting the unenthusiastic Jirou with guarding the flag, along with Kaminari who was so distracted trying to flirt with Jirou that he didn't even notice someone steal a flag right from under his nose, and Sero who tripped over his own legs trying to chase down that fruity French boy from Izuku's team.

Kirishima was a little too rough with the other team and made them lose points. Mina pulled her weight but she only managed to get three flags, compared to Bakugou's five. In total, they gathered eight flags, which is chump-change to the winning team's fifteen. He watches in silent fury as that idiot Todoroki stands blank-faced, completely unresponsive to the gold medal that's being placed around his neck. Damn it! He should be cherishing this moment, telling everyone else that they were nothing but pathetic little mealworms beneath his feet. That's what he would do, at least.

"Hey, sorry man. I know I let you down out there," Kirishima says, looking downtrodden and disappointed. Then he perks up. "But I promise! Next game, we'll win for sure!"

"I hope so. That was a total disaster," Kaminari says.

Bakugou glares at him. "All thanks to you. If you had been paying more attention to our flags we would've had more points in the end. Doofus."

Kaminari sputters, trying to come up with excuses for his head not being in the game, but Bakugou isn't listening. His mind is already set on the next game and, oh man, he's got a good feeling about this one.

It's Tug of War.



Everything is finally coming up Katsuki.

Team Fear Less and Team IncineRage stand on opposite ends of a long, thick rope while team captains Izuku and Bakugou gaze at each other. Izuku has that awful, defiant look in his big green eyes again and Bakugou can't wait for it to turn into despair when IncineRage absolutely annihilates him and his lame team.

"On your marks," Counselor Aizawa starts, and both teams pick up the rope. Izuku lets out a steadying sigh, and Bakugou rolls his eyes. "Get set," he continues, and no one moves. Bakugou just wants the game to start already so he can tug the rope so hard Izuku loses footing and falls face first into the mud. He also wants the game to start so that Kirishima can stop breathing down his neck and making him sweat.

"Go!" Aizawa shouts, and the two teams immediately begin tugging as hard as physically possible. Fools, don't they know that the true way to play Tug o' War is to anchor yourself and let the other team pull and waste their energy, and then once they get tired start pulling? It's too late to correct his team though, but he feels as if he doesn't need to. His team is plenty strong.

Bakugou sports a feral grin, feeling an intense rush of joy and elation as he stares down his feeble arch-nemesis. The little dweeb and his band of losers are trying so hard to pull, but they aren't making any progress. The flag that's been tied to the rope is well on its way to crossing the winning mark, and Bakugou just wants to laugh. His team is better and more powerful and it shows.

The opposing team tries so hard to give some final futile tugs to the rope, but alas, the flag passes the drawn line on the ground, and the whistle signifying their defeat is blown. Team Fear Less drops the rope and they all fall to the ground, and Bakugou lets out a bark of laughter as the spectators around them clap for Team IncineRage.

"That's how it's done, extras!" Bakugou gloats, and the spectators start clapping a little less.

"Dude, stop! You're gonna make them hate our guts!" Sero whisper-yells. But Bakugou just keeps relishing and rejoicing, even as he has a shiny gold medal placed around his neck.

He can taste it. That first, delicious little sample of triumph that leaves him hungry for nothing else but victory. He wants more, he wants more so badly that it hurts him to still be standing up on the podium with his team, so he steps off and stalks away from the group. He's surprised to hear them trotting after him.

"That was incredible, Bakugou! We were great out there!" Mina yells enthusiastically in his ear.

"Hmph," he hmphs, "that was nothing."

"Yeah, nothing to be humble over!" Kirishima yells in his other ear. "At this rate we'll be champions and take all the prizes home at the end of the summer!"

He flushes. "Idiot, we've still gotta win three more."

Kaminari laughs, and the sunlight that filters through the trees hits his braces, making them glint. "I don't know man, we kinda creamed the other team. If we keep it up we'll be, like, feared by everyone in camp. Plus, I think I'll look pretty cool holding up one of those trophies. Don't you agree, Jirou?"

Jirou just rolls her eyes and Sero laughs at the lack of response.

Bakugou allows himself to smirk. This team is loud, somewhat dysfunctional, and it could use some polish and shine. But the team still works, and damn do they work just fine. He can't believe his dream of beating his rival to a pulp is actually coming true, and it's due to these idiots who have surrounded him, yelling and laughing and just being a rowdy, somewhat obnoxious bunch.

He doesn't want to admit it, but he thinks he wants to keep in touch, even after the summer ends.



CABINET
MAN

SHIBANE
2-3



SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

Written by Lola, Art by JacksonBlu | [Table of Contents](#)

Ships: Bakugou Katsuki/Kirishima Eijirou

"Would you just leave me the hell alone!"

"But Kacchan, I'm just so glad you agreed to come." Kaminari whines as he wraps his arms around Bakugou's shoulders for a hug, a hug tragically short-lived since Bakugou pushes him off not a moment later.

"I will walk right out that door if you don't knock it off." It's amusing how his words are mean and sharp but his voice lacks any real bite. Regardless, Kaminari decides not to push his luck and settles for taking a step back with a pout on his face.

Sero interrupts by wrapping an arm around both of their shoulders respectively, pulling both Bakugou and Kaminari closer to his chest with a smile on his face.

"Aw, come on guys, no fighting! We all agreed so no take backs."

"You think little ol' me would pick a fight with big ol' him?"

"Absolutely." Jirou deadpans from behind the trio, and when Sero glances over his shoulder to shoot her a scandalized look he sees her and Mina rifling through one of the tattoo artist's portfolios. That's five members accounted for, now all they need is—

"Sorry I'm late!" The bell above the entrance chimes as Kirishima barrels his way through the door, red and panting and still in his hero suit. "Patrol ran a little long and I didn't want to run even more late by changing so I just came straight here."

"Be honest, you just want to show off your muscles." Kaminari teases and waggles his eyebrows suggestively. At the same time, Bakugou worms his way out from under Sero's arm and huffs at them both. When he rolls his eyes at their behavior, Sero notices that they land on Kirishima and linger, which he finds... interesting, to say the least. He feels the need to point it out, but he also feels the need to keep Kaminari's enthusiasm in check to make sure he really doesn't drive Bakugou away. Unfortunately, one is a more pressing matter, so he keeps his arm looped around Kaminari's shoulders just in case.

"Oh goodie! We're all here." Mina claps her hands and chirps up from beside Jirou, gaining everyone's attention just as a woman appears behind the front desk. She looks like she belongs here. Both of her arms are full of ink as well as parts of her neck, her ears have practically every type of piercing available, and she's got an impressive amount of piercings on her face, too.

Not that any of them are newcomers, of course. They've all dabbled in piercings at one time or another—even Bakugou's gotten a few over the years—but Sero, Jirou, and Kaminari are certainly the more *acquainted* ones of the group.

Their trio has a few piercings and tattoos already, but Sero has the most piercings out of the entire squad while Jirou and Kaminari seem to be in some kind of unspoken competition over who can get the most tattoos. From what Sero can remember, Jirou is currently in the lead, despite all of Kaminari's objections.

"Hello." The woman behind the desk greets them, smiling particularly at Sero, Jirou, and Kaminari. Her name is Yuki. "Is your entire group here?"

Sero quickly tightens his hold around Kaminari's shoulders, using his hand to cover his mouth and keep the blond from shouting in excitement. He can already feel Kaminari

bouncing on his toes in anticipation, and since it already took them an entire month to convince Bakugou to get a tattoo with them he's not taking any chances of changing that.

"Yeah, we're all here." Jirou answers instead as she sets down the portfolio she was looking through with Mina. From beside him, Kaminari whines and deflates at being silenced, but Mina sends him a bright smile and he's immediately back to bouncing in place.

"Alright, just give me a moment then to check with your artist." Yuki smiles at their group before disappearing behind the partition. Jirou and Mina begin browsing more portfolios while they wait and Sero simply focuses on not letting Kaminari get too riled up and rambunctious. Secretly, he wonders if Kaminari went against his own 'no caffeine' rule and had a cup or four of coffee before coming here. If he did, well, he's the one suffering in the end so it's not really of Sero's concern. Though, he is tempted to ask. He doesn't get a chance to, however, as his attention is drawn to Kirishima and Bakugou whispering a few steps beside them.

"Kats, come look at this." Kirishima whispers with a wicked grin, pointing to an open portfolio he's been skimming through. Bakugou approaches him without a word, arms crossed and defensive despite the surprisingly soft look on his face.

The scene shocks Sero enough that he looks to his side at Kaminari, wondering if he's seeing it too. Kaminari is already looking his way with a confused expression, eyebrows raised in contemplation. He must be just as curious as Sero because he's currently not bouncing off the walls or talking someone's ear off.

'Kats?' Kaminari mouths to Sero, seemingly having the same questions in the back of his mind. Sero simply responds with an unhelpful shrug. Whatever is going on is

between those two and he isn't nearly as intrusive in his friends' personal lives as Kaminari. Though, he can't help but wiggle his brows as an afterthought, planting the idea in Kaminari's mind for him to run with later. Is he willingly setting his friend up for sabotage? Yes, absolutely.

Before Kaminari can either annoy Sero into gossip or weasel his way into their friends' private moment, Yuki returns and beckons their group to gather.

"If you could follow me, please. Through here." Kaminari breaks free from Sero's hold and leads the charge through the partition, the rest of their group following closely behind, buzzing with excitement. "Usually we wouldn't allow so many people back here at the same time for safety reasons, but since it will be only your group for the remainder of the day I figured a little rule bending wouldn't hurt anyone."

"Oooh, special treatment. I feel so fancy." Mina giggles from the back of the group, leaning into Jirou as they weave through the maze of equipment.

Their artist greets them when they arrive at her station. Akiko is Yuki's sister and they co-own the shop together, so she's usually the only artist that stays after hours for special sessions like theirs. She's also already familiar with Kaminari and Jirou, who greet her with warm smiles.

"You," she says, tilting her head towards Kaminari, "go drink water. You're going last."

"What—"

"I can tell you've had more than one cup or can of caffeine. You know my rules, get." Akiko kicks Kaminari's shin as Jirou plops herself down into the chair, electing herself to go first.

They both ignore Kaminari's pout as he goes with Yuki to

grab a few bottles of water for the group. Sero leans against a nearby wall and crosses his arms, watching Jirou get comfy in the chair as if she belongs there. She doesn't even wait for Akiko to finish setting up before she presents her bare forearm, a lazy grin on her face.

"Let's get started."



"'Pro Hero Chargebolt Engaged'? That's two weeks old already, move on." Sero mutters to himself as he lounges on his couch, scrolling through his phone. It's a rare day off from hero work and he doesn't feel like going out or gaming so he settles for browsing his social media while he thinks of something better to do. Ridiculing news outlets on their outdated journalism seems to be keeping him entertained enough, however, and he's already been on his phone for at least an hour.

He can't help it. Bullying news programs is a fun pastime, especially when he's been privy to the news well before it ever became public. Kaminari's engagement party was three solid months ago. Sero remembers because that was the last time he saw his friends outside of work. Not just the entirety of his old class, but his *squad*. The further they advance into their careers the harder it becomes to hang out like the old days, and, call Sero sentimental, but he misses them.

The article refreshes and brings Sero back up to the top of the page where a picture of Kaminari's engagement ring is proudly on display. It was a weird thing, a mix of clashing warm and cool colors that matched his freshly painted nails—"got matching nails of our hero costumes :3" he remembers Kaminari's Instagram caption saying. His pinky is intertwined with his now fiancé's as they show off their engagement rings, the edges of the photo littered with coffee and pastries. It's a cute photo, and Sero frequently comes back to visit it but not only out of happiness for his

friend's engagement.

He stares at it again now, his eyes trailing over the lightly faded ink on the inside of Kaminari's wrist. Their tattoos held up well over the years, withstanding the brunt of their careers and lasting through natural disasters and villainous battles and hospital stints. An accurate testament to their friendship.

While staring at the tattoo Sero realizes it's the *nostalgia* that keeps bringing him back to this particular photo. Usually he'll scroll through Kaminari's Instagram feed until he finds it again, but the article came across his feed first and now he's here, wrapped up in memories.

Perhaps it's the memories of that particular day that make Sero reminisce, or perhaps it's the implication that, while they're all moving on with their lives and growing up, their little squad will always remain an important part of each of them. A puzzle piece that can never be replaced. Or rather six puzzle pieces that complete each other, crafting one familiar picture when together: home.

Sero closes out the article and opts for browsing through his personal feed, the one he and his friends use privately to keep from the prying eyes of the media. Not that there's anything bad or scandalous, of course, but they all wish to keep certain things to themselves.

Like the very first photo that loads at the top of his feed. It's a photo of Kirishima and Bakugou on their honeymoon, somewhere mountainous and secluded, away from curious eyes and intrusive cameras. Their fingers are intertwined and they seem to be watching the sun either set or rise together, matching rings gleaming in the light. It's a beautiful photo and the two look incredibly happy, yet Sero can't help but focus on their outturned wrists.

Just like Kaminari's photo, the ink is faded and worn but still prominent. Other than the faded ink, their tattoos still

look as they did that very first day. The symbols they all chose to represent themselves—a music note for Jirou, an alien face for Mina, a lightning bolt for Kaminari, a gear for Kirishima, an explosion for Bakugou, and a roll of tape for himself—managed to remain clear despite only being mostly outlines. They each got their own symbol colored in, like a character selection menu, but Bakugou and Kirishima got each other's colored in as well after they got engaged. Sero remembers Kaminari crying at the cute gesture.

He chuckles to himself as he scrolls to the next photo, the memory lingering in the back of his mind. The next image was posted from Mina's personal account, a short album of her day at the local elementary school. There's no doubt there will be proper publicity photos published within the next day or two, but these photos are from Mina's phone, a collection of memories she wants to keep for herself.

There's a few of her in different classrooms, talking with students at their desks or standing at the front by the board as she draws with the kids. Her favorite pictures are always posted at the end of the short album, buried deep under other things as if trying to keep them safe.

The last one for this post was taken outside in the schoolyard, a few kids hanging off of her as she laughs and poses for the camera. A kid with orange hair hangs off her arm as she flexes, her wrist turned just enough for her tattoo to be visible. The once empty symbols are now colored in, but unlike Kirishima and Bakugou, they've been messily filled in with various markers, obviously the work of the school children she visited. Sero's tape roll is now green.

He scrolls through his feed until he finds a post from Jirou. It's a dimly lit picture with a mess of cables and technology edging the borders. A microphone sits proudly in the center, partially obscuring her face as she looks into the camera. From the looks of it, it seems to be from another

recording session for Jirou's first album. She's been keeping it under wraps, hidden from the general public but not her friends. She looks happy. Sero wonders if the album is almost complete.

Barely visible, Jirou's hand can be seen poking out from behind the microphone flashing a peace sign. Her tattoo is even less noticeable, the dark blue and purple lights near erasing the lines, but it's still there. They've all kept it, a memento of their friendship and bond.

Sero looks down at his own tattoo then, feels it itch with longing and old scars. His own tattoo is a little worse for wear, littered with unfortunate scars from an intense mission long ago that resulted in more than a few broken bones and deep gashes. A few of the lines are now broken and jagged, but he hadn't bothered to get them fixed. Perhaps he should...

His phone vibrates in his hand, the screen lighting up with a message notification. He pulls his attention away from the past and clicks on the notification, surprised to be brought to the group chat affectionately named "Bakusquad". Turns out the text was from Kaminari.

Bakusquad

(Kaminari): GUYYS we should all hang out when Kiri and Kacchan come back :D

A quiet laugh sounds through Sero's empty apartment, bounces off the closed door to his single bedroom and echoes off single serving dishes. What perfect timing. Just when he's missing his friends—his *family*—one of them reaches out. Because in the end, they'll always be there.

(Me): absolutely





mxmorgie

LONG ROADS AND GOOD FRIENDS

Written by Ghost | [Table of Contents](#)

Ships: Bakugou Katsuki/Kirishima Eijirou, Poly-Bakusquad

Bakugou slides his rucksack on top of the precariously stacked pile of bags in the back of the Kirishima's minivan. Mina and Denki had been in charge of packing everything in, but that had quickly devolved into Denki reclining on top of the minivan and shouting down encouragement to Mina who sorted bags by colour after refusing help from Sero. The pile was in a perfect rainbow gradient, but also looked like the first sharp turn might send it all tumbling down.

Bakugou was prevented from spontaneously rearranging everything by shouts from inside the house. Denki, Mina and Sero race out the door and pile into the van, followed by Jirou waving her arms and aggressively gesturing to her watch. "If you guys keep messing around, we're never going to make it in time," she yells, stopping on the porch to shout back into the house. "If you take any longer, the Giant Buddha will be the first thing cut from the trip, if you're not down here in five seconds, Kirishima!"

A red blur launches itself from Kirishima's bedroom window, followed by a high pitched shriek, landing beside Bakugou. Kirishima jumps up and brushes himself off before throwing himself into the van's passenger seat.

"Good hustle, Kirishima! That's more like it."

Jirou marches down the porch steps and slams the back shut, pushing Bakugou towards the driver's side of the van. As Bakugou climbs in and makes himself comfortable he can hear Jirou behind him kicking Denki out of his seat beside Mina, banishing him to the nap station at the back of the van.

"Let's get driving! We have 50 minutes before our first stop and if we're late, Kirishima doesn't get his pitstop," Jirou orders as she plugs in her ear jacks and slides down to lean against Mina, allowing the other girl to start stroking Jirou's hair.

"Alright, dad. We're going, sheesh."

Bakugou carefully pulls out of the driveway and Kirishima hangs out the window, madly waving goodbye to his mums. Bakugou grips the back of Kirishima's shirt with one hand and yanks him back into the van as he takes off down the street.

"Aw, come on, Bakugou," Kirishima whines as he winds his window back up. "I was just trying to say a proper goodbye."

"You heard the boss. If we took any longer one of us was going to be sacrificing their pitstop, and there's no way I'm missing out on mine," Bakugou snips back, ignoring Kirishima's sorrowful puppy eyes by hyperfocusing on the road in front of him.

"Hey! You haven't even told us what your pitstop is yet, Kacchan!" Denki yells from the back.

"Yeah, you know all of our choices! You've gotta tell us yours," Mina insists as she joins Denki in a chant to get Bakugou to reveal his secret.

Sero leans back and playfully ruffles Denki's hair, pushing him back into his seat as he does. "Don't you guys worry your pretty little heads. I'm driving next which means Bakugou has to give me the map and you know he'll have marked all our stops on it!"

"No such luck, tape face," Bakugou calls over his shoulder as he turns onto the road leading out of the city. "I've memorised the directions to my pitstop. You're getting

nothing from me or my map."

"That's no fun, Bakubro," Kirishima laughs as a chorus of boos echo from behind them in the van. "Looks like we'll just have to bully it out of you later."

"I'd like to see you try," Bakugou says, sparing a second to send a sharp grin Kirishima's way.

Everyone settles down after that, Sero passing around some snacks to the back seats of the van and Jirou playing some quiet music. Kirishima pulls out protein bars and Bakugou's favourite spicy chips which he feeds to Bakugou in intervals, whenever they slow down or stop at a light.

Jirou's pit stop is first on the list; the main reason she's been so keen to push everyone out of the door. The Yumemigasaki Zoological Park is 5 hours away, but she and Bakugou are determined to make it before it closed. Bakugou drives the whole way there, despite Kirishima's protests that he needs to rest, just glaring silently at the road until Kirishima gives up.

They arrive in record time and Jirou jumps out of the car, Mina and Denki close behind her and they beeline straight for the penguin pool. Bakugou, Kirishima and Sero wander around together for a while, stopping at the red panda and zebra enclosures, before joining back up with the others who are still staring at the penguins.

Sero has to drag Jirou away, reminding her of the deadlines she'd imposed for everyone else, which did get her to follow him to the car, but didn't stop her from sending longing looks back at the penguins until they were out of sight.

Once they've piled back into the van, Sero and Jirou take the driver and passenger seats respectively, and Mina and Denki have crashed in the back, starting on some 'special van manicures'. They try to rope Bakugou into joining

them, but he just declares them idiots and tells them they're going to make a mess, as he buries himself into his book. Bakugou is soon proven correct when the van hits a pothole and bounces everyone inside, making Mina paint a stripe of nail polish up her hand and Denki spills his bottle of neon yellow polish all over his jacket.

Sero drives for as long as he can, but hands back over to Bakugou for the last stretch, about three hours out from Mina's pitstop and their final destination for the day.

Bakugou has only been driving for about an hour when a shout from the backseat nearly makes him swerve off the side of the road.

"Wait!" Denki shouts from the back seat, jumping up and waving wildly. "I've changed my pitstop! Turn off here! Turn off here!"

"You're gonna get us all killed if you do something like that again!" Bakugou yells back as he slams on the brakes, but quickly indicates off and takes the exit Denki wanted.

"This better not take too long, Denki. You know we're on a tight schedule," Jirou warns, pushing Denki back down in his seat.

"It won't. I promise! I just need 5 minutes, that's even shorter than my previous pick, so really I'm helping you out here," Denki throws himself down in Jirou's lap and bats his eyelashes, before jerking back up almost immediately and pointing Bakugou down another turn off.

A few minutes later Bakugou pulls over on the side of the road as Denki directs and Denki jumps out of the car, pulling Sero after him and shouting for Bakugou to join them.

Bakugou slides down in his seat, glaring at the road ahead of him before noticing the sign that Denki had started

posing in front of, Sero taking a series of pictures. "He did not!" Bakugou gets out with a shout, slamming the door behind him and rocking the van.

Denki stops posing to wave at Bakugou, the sign behind him reading 'Mitsuike Park', but the way Denki is standing and posing, he blocks out the second I, making it look an awful lot like the name of a certain Mitsuki Bakugou.

"Kacchan! Pose with me! I wanna send this to your mum!"

"How do you have the hag's number?!" Bakugou's face slowly turns redder the closer he gets to the sign.

"Promise you won't be mad, but I borrowed your phone at the last sleepover and your mum thought it was super funny!"

"Dunce face! YOU DID WHAT?!" Bakugou's hands pop, smoke rising from his clenched palms and Denki ducks away with a pout.

"You said you wouldn't be mad!"

"You didn't even give me time to promise that!"

Just as quickly as the anger starts, it stops. Bakugou sighs and rubs a hand over his face. "You're not gonna get back into the van until we do this, are you?"

Denki peeks out from where he'd cowered behind Sero. "I could probably be enticed back with snacks, but this would definitely be the quickest way."

"Fine. Make it quick."

Denki cheers and Sero takes as many pictures as Bakugou is able to tolerate, standing in the middle of the frame, silently fuming as Denki dances around him.

The three walk back to the van, greeted by an uproar of laughter from the three they left behind. "I can't believe Bakugou let you get away with that!" Jirou laughs, patting Denki on the back as he climbs back in.

Kirishima places a gentle hand on Bakugou's leg as he starts driving again, his thumb softly stroking up and down. "You did good, Kats. He's gonna love those photos for a long time."

Bakugou grunts quietly back, but anyone looking would be able to see a red flush tinting his cheeks and ears.

After Denki's new pitstop, it isn't long before Bakugou pulls up in front of the hotel they booked in Naka Ward. They'd promised Mina that they would stop here for the evening so that she would be able to explore the former storage facilities, now upscale boutiques.

While Mina, Denki and Bakugou hit up the boutiques, Kirishima, Sero and Jirou go to the nearby 1930s ocean liner, converted into a maritime museum.

They meet up back at the van, Denki, Mina and Bakugou laden with many bags that they quickly stow in the back seat that Denki has mostly monopolised at this point. Kirishima also gifts Bakugou with a small plush doll of a ship captain that takes pride of place on the front dashboard to 'steer the van to peaceful shores' as Kirishima put it.

Sero was the only one not to request a pit stop in advance, claiming that he would know the right spot at the moment. His right spot comes at a random stopover they take when he notices a sign for a pro hero themed mini golf next to the petrol station.

They spend a good hour hitting golf balls into All Might's mouth and through Hawks' feathers. Bakugou took particular delight in smashing his golf ball repeatedly into

the statue of Deku, sacrificing the game, but his grin made it clear he'd won.

It's only Kirishima's begging that stops them from playing another game, everyone piling back into the van and taking off for their final planned destination; the Giant Buddha at Kamakura. It's a quicker stop than anyone expected based on Kirishima's desperation to get there.

Kirishima stands in front of the shrine for a few moments, silently spinning around in awe before he takes a twig that had fallen on the ground and cheerily jumps back into the van.

"Really, Kiri? We have more time if you want to see more," Jirou encourages, gently kicking the back of his seat to try and encourage him out of the van.

"That's alright! I saw all I needed to see," Kirishima smiles, tucking the twig into a book he pulled out of his bag.

"You sure, man? We don't mind," Sero added.

"I just wanted to be able to say I've been here. I've already seen it all, really. Bakugou read me a story and they came to this shrine and I just wanted to bring a little piece of it home with me," Kirishima shows everyone the book with a big grin.

Bakugou blushes when he sees the book and they take off on the road again, Kirishima reading the story to the captivated back seats.

Everyone has mostly settled down by the time Bakugou unexpectedly pulls over, immediately catching everyone's attention. Bakugou parks the van and climbs out without a word, but everyone falls over themselves to unbuckle and follow him out.

"Bakugou! Is this your pitstop?! Have we finally reached

paradise?" Denki swoons, getting shoved forward by Jirou to stop them from falling behind.

Bakugou finally comes to a sharp stop in front of a trail sign, Mount Tanzawa rising up in the distance behind him.

"This is it," he gestures stiffly. "We're gonna climb and I brought a tent to sleep in."

"You're bringing us hiking, Bakugou?" Sero questions in awe.

Hiking was still Bakugou's special thing, even so many years later; Kirishima being the only person he'd ever brought along with him.

"Do you want us to tag along, Bakubabe, or do you two want to go up alone?" Mina asked quietly, noting the stiffness of his posture and words.

"I brought you all here, didn't I?" The redness of Bakugou's face and neck intensifies as everyone turns their attention to him.

"Aw, Kacchan!" Denki throws his arms around Bakugou, backing off and giving him space immediately after the quick hug.

Jirou and Mina race back to the car to grab the packs Bakugou brought, dumping the heaviest on Denki with a laugh before lining up in front of Bakugou.

"Let's go gang!" Kirishima announces, letting Bakugou duck past him to take the lead and gesturing for the rest of the squad to follow behind.

They make it to the top of the mountain shortly before dusk and Bakugou and Kirishima run around, helping everyone set up the tent. Once they're safely set up, and the ropes Denki was in charge of are not at risk of sending them

flying off the mountain with the slightest breeze, they all gather together around a fire Mina started, under Bakugou's strict supervision.

Banter flows easily between the friends, firelight flickering over their faces and stars shining above them. They trade battle stories and show off the scars they've gained since their school days, Kirishima and Denki sporting the most, faded cracks and fractal lightning patterns covering their skin.

"Remember when you could just walk down the street on a day off without every second person being a journalist or paparazzi hounding you about what your second favourite cheese is?" Mina asks, laying with her legs draped over Sero and her head in Jirou's lap.

Jirou combs through Mina's unruly hair, gently twirling strands around her horns. "You're lucky they even care about your second favourite cheese. Half the time they call me Mindjack," she laughs.

"Count your lucky stars, that's the purple hero from our class they chose to confuse you with," Bakugou cackles from across the fire, leaning further into Kirishima and allowing the red head to wrap his arms around him.

"I got asked if the upcoming generation of heroes is a threat to the older generation. And they meant that we were the older generation!" Kirishima adds.

"They make it sound like we're Aizawa's age! I only debuted like 3 years ago," Denki whines, nudging up against Kirishima until he gets an arm wrapped around him too, despite Bakugou's snarl.

"More like 9 years ago!" Sero shouts, prompting a cacophony of boos and jeers.

"We're not that old, Sero!" Mina gasps, pulling her legs

up to curl completely around Jirou.

"And don't let Aizawa be hearing you call him old, Denks. He'll still whoop your ass and he's barely 40 at the oldest," Jirou

"Come on, Sero. Let them all pretend we're still freshly graduated. Not everyone is lucky enough to keep their youthful looks after all," Bakugou teases with a wink.

A loud snuffle pulls everyone's attention to Kirishima, who is barely containing his tears. Denki pulls Kirishima's face down to him and gently squishes his tanned cheeks.

"What's going on, big red? Why the water works? Is Bakugou being too mean again?" Denki asks, thumbs catching and stroking the tears away before they can fall down Kirishima's face.

"I just missed you all so much," he confesses with another snuffle.

"I knew it! Bakugou, this is all your fault," Denki pokes his head around Kirishima to poke his tongue out at Bakugou.

"Boo, Sparky. Let's not bully our wonder duo," Jirou clips the back of his head with a firm hand.

Denki releases Kirishima's face in favour of clutching at his head and falling backwards, into Sero's waiting arms.

"We miss you too, Kiri babel!" Mina cries, throwing her arms around Kirishima's broad shoulders and squeezing him tight.

"It's crazy how easy it is to lose track of everything. It feels like forever since we've been able to hang out like this," Sero calls from the ground, having allowed Denki's weight to push the two of them down.

"You used to invade our place at least twice a week. Feels a bit empty without you all sometimes," Bakugou mumbles, allowing Mina to transfer her affection to him with only a slight complaint.

"Aw, you miss us, Kitty Kat?"

"Maybe. Could probably put on a white noise machine and get the same effect."

"Don't be like that, Bakugou. We're all being so honest and emotional. Join us," Jirou chuckles, grabbing Bakugou's hands and pulling him, Mina, Kirishima and Denki down to the ground in a domino effect.

Now all on the ground, the group wriggle around until they find a comfortable spot and relax into each other. The stars are shining above the group and the fire crackles behind them, the sound slowly lulling them into silence.

"It's nice. Being here with you all," Bakugou mutters, breaking the quiet that had settled over the group.

"It's great being here with you too! We miss you Blasty! I miss everyone," Mina's voice starts out strong and chipper, but it dips into melancholy at the end.

"Maybe we've gotten a little slack recently. I know I could carve out some time," Sero offers, prompting a round of murmured agreements.

"First thing when we get back then. Monthly squad hangouts are back in order!" Kirishima squeezes everyone close with a cheer.

Before going to bed that night everyone shuffles their sleeping bags together so that they can sleep in a pile, none of them wanting to be separate from the others. They fall asleep to the sound of quiet snores and deep breathing, excited for what the new days will bring them.





KISSING AND HEISTING

Written by Zorra | [Table of Contents](#)

Ships: Poly-Bakusquad

It's the stupidest competition ever and Katsuki doesn't even know why he entertains it. It's dangerous, unreasonable, and literally adds no value to their work. It's a fucking idiotic idea that nobody will fess up to coming up with and Katsuki might be the stupidest man alive for allowing it.

Was there a quote about love making you a dumbass? 'Cause Katsuki's definitely a sucker.

"You. Are. Not. Doing. *It*," he hisses. His finger wags at all four of his datemates and when Mina fakes a chomp as it comes too close to her face, Katsuki snaps to her with a deadly glare.

"Listen," he glares. "None of you are playing this stupid ass game!"

Denki gives him an "ok" sign, Hanta follows with a thumbs up, Mina makes heart signs like a Kpop star, and Eijirou flashes him a goofy grin. Katsuki instantly knows that his threat didn't follow through.

"Fuck," he groans and smacks his face with his palms, chafe gloves rubbing against his cheeks. "I'm serious!"

Hanta is the first to break the silence among the four. "C'mon Katsuki, you know we would never endanger the mission."

Katsuki nearly blows up, immediately cursing Hanta out for such an outrageous lie. "Pikachu nearly got caught last time!" He waves wildly.

Denki clears his throat and holds up a hand. "In my defence, the keyword is 'nearly'."

Katsuki grabs him by the collar, dragging him to his face as the other yelps. "You almost got Eijirou fucking *killed*."

"Hey, hey, hey," Eijirou reassures, placing a hand on Katsuki's shoulder. "None of us knew that the alarm trigger was there."

Katsuki lets go of Denki, but he's still glowering as he watches the blond brush imaginary dust off his pants. "Still," he growls.

"It's all in good fun," Eijirou placates. "We'll be more careful this time, right guys?"

"Yes!" the other three chorus, but it's Eijirou's back rubs that are doing the truly comforting Katsuki.

Katsuki rolls his eyes, but eventually he snips out a "fine." He's never been able to withstand his datemates' enthusiasm anyways. He sits with them as they prepare, bringing out equipment and tools for the heist as they're approved under Katsuki's scrutinizing gaze. It's only until they're all clambering out of the silver unmarked van that Katsuki realizes—he's been duped again.

"Fuck!" Curse Eijirou's back rubs. That bastard has been getting too good at them and now, Katsuki has to watch his pack of fools fuck up their mission yet again because he had unwittingly allowed their game to continue.

Fuck.

His fate's been sealed.



It starts like it does every single time. Not even a minute in, Katsuki feels a presence creep up behind him and he resists the urge to bite the other's knees.

"Don't you dare," he growls. He's crouched, jiggling with the wires of his homemade bombs and focused on his task as he wills himself to ignore the other's attempt to distract him.

They. Have. A. Job. To. Do.

"I'm not doing anything," Hanta says, sing-songed.

Eijirou, Denki, and Mina have gone downstairs to set up their equipment, Hanta and Katsuki on the rooftop to gain access to the building from the top. Hanta's supposed to be keeping watch, but he's clearly not because Katsuki can feel his gaze on him.

Finally, he connects the last cable and slides closed the hatch of his device. He huffs and stands up, preparing himself for the inevitable. It comes as expected. Hanta's hand finds its way around his jaw and before Katsuki knows it, Hanta's tongue is licking past his lips.

"Mnhh."

Hanta's lips press against his, solid and coaxing as his other arm snakes around Katsuki's waist and pulls him close. Katsuki's melts—oh, he melts so easily—and his arms find their way around Hanta's shoulders before their faces break apart.

"Fuck you," are Katsuki's first breathless words and Hanta chuckles before he swoops back in for another kiss.

And yeah. The stupid competition his datemates have is a kissing contest. Supposedly, whoever does not kiss Katsuki at the end of a mission loses and is subjected to the other's "cruel" humiliation. Katsuki doesn't really understand, but he can't deny that he doesn't enjoy one or several of his datemates serving him at their beck and call for a day.

"You've had enough," Katsuki retorts when Hanta leans in

for yet another peck, but Hanta quickly steals one anyways, grinning with that signature Cheshire smile of his.

"I think you misunderstood the point of this, Katsuki," he says. "This is for you~"

Katsuki scoffs at the cheesy tone and pushes Hanta away, head still a little foggy from their sweet moment. He finds himself licking his lips for a moment before remembering that Hanta is still at his side and quickly closes his mouth.

"Yeah, right," he quips but his tone doesn't quite match his words. Hurriedly, so that he can throw off how affected he was, he flings open the hatch of the roof door with gusto (quietly, of course) and gestures at Hanta. "Now, get the fuck in."

Hanta laughs, but he does what he's told. Although he does wink as he clambers down the ladder, smug grin adorned.

"Don't worry, Katsuki. I won't tell anybody."

Katsuki rolls his eyes. Bullshit. He can already feel the chaos coming.



"I can't believe you let Hanta get an 11/10 kiss!" A voice hisses from Katsuki's right.

"What the—fuck! Raccoon Eyes! What the hell are you doing here!" Katsuki whisper-shouts back. He nearly leaps from his post, almost giving away his position but luckily, Mina grabs onto his sleeve and pulls him back, teetering him on his tiptoes as he struggles to maintain balance while squatting.

"I'm serious!" Mina whisper-yells. "You can't give those away so freely!"

"Wha-l'm, *I did not*—" Katsuki sputters. "I can do what I want!"

Mina jerks him again, only this time forward and Katsuki would've nearly toppled the both of them over—into security cameras' views—if he had not thrown his hands out to brace himself. His face knocks solidly against his girlfriend's and their heads spring back, hissing at the contact.

"Shut up!" Katsuki whisper-shouts again, embarrassment boiling up, but unable to do anything about it. "Just do your job!"

He turns away. This is a stupid conversation to be even having in the first place and he needs to watch for a break in the guard's shift even though there's still a solid ten minutes before he's supposed to execute the next part of the plan.

Of course, Mina doesn't let him get far.

He feels fingers grasp his chin before his head is turned back and plush lips press against his in a firm kiss. The kiss grows; lips pressing harder against his mouth before parting to bite at his bottom lip.

When Mina leans away and he's still left frozen with his jaw dropped open, she grins, victorious and gleeful. His face flames without his permission and Mina's wide smile grows even smugger to the point where Katsuki would've shoved her out from the pillar they are hiding behind if she hadn't caught his hands. It feels like *deja vu*.

"Okay," Mina says and Katsuki has already forgotten what she's affirming. "I'll give you another one later."

Then she sneaks away, quick and light on her feet, and then she's gone.

Katsuki's fingers ghost up to touch his lips.

Woah.



The guard groans beneath Katsuki's feet and he curses under his breath, fingers rapidly punching away at keys. Fuck fuck fuck! The blasted hard drive was supposed to work! So why wasn't it? Katsuki's going to kill Denki.

"Fucking rat balls!"

He was the least suited for this kind of job. He didn't have Denki's magic fingers with electronics nor Eijirou's patience. Hanta would've confirmed the password out from the guards before he knocked them out and Mina—okay, maybe both Mina and him would've had trouble with hacking and encryption with their twin impatience.

He activated his earpiece and hissed as angrily as he was allowed.

"Dumbass, the drive doesn't work!"

Bzzt. Good. At least one piece of electronics in his hands was working right.

"Which dumbass?"

"Pikachu!" He nearly bangs the table. "The fucking drive doesn't work!"

"Oh, Denki," Hanta says. "You better take this bro."

"What's up, *Blasty*?" Denki's voice pops into his headset. "Digital trouble?"

"Yes!" Katsuki hisses. "Your fucking program doesn't work!"

"Alright, alright," Denki chuckles. *"It's just that bug again. I'll be over in a jiff. Don't get your panties in a twist."*

Katsuki scowls. "I'm not—" His earpiece beeps with dismissal as Denki hops off the channel and he hears Hanta's echoing laughter before he too disappears. Katsuki huffs, nerves thrumming under his skin as he's forced to wait for Denki's arrival. The room stirs with servers and machinery whirring away, but otherwise it's quiet—something he's thankful for as he leans against the desk in defeat.

He doesn't understand why alarms nowadays are set and determined by algorithms and firewalls. Where were the good ole wires that needed snipping? The cords that he could yank at and threaten without accidentally dropping a random semicolon? Ugh. Stupid state-of-the-art security and their outrageous budget for this kind of nonsense. If the treasure they were after wasn't literally worth millions of dollars, he would've definitely never considered this job.

"Boo."

"Fuck!" Katsuki yells, immediately clapping a hand over his mouth. He quickly scans the room, finding no one and then—

"Pikachu, you fucker! Get out of the fucking vent!" This time he whisper-screeches, hoping that his slip-up didn't cost them their mission.

Denki's laugh echoes from the ceiling and he thumps from above. "I can't, the vent is bolted."

"Ugh."

Katsuki rifles through the toolkit he carries with him, dragging a chair under the grate, and climbing atop it to see Denki's grinning face peering back at him.

"Hi, babe," Denki says cheerily.

"Don't," Katsuki warns. "The moment you get down here, I'm smacking you."

"Aww, Katsuki doesn't want to be buttered up with my sweet words?"

Katsuki pointedly ignores Denki's attempt to rile him up. Instead, he fumes silently and quickly dismantles the vent gate, pulling it away before he hops off the chair.

One then two sneakers come into view until they're dangling in the air trying to find footing.

"For fuck's sake." Katsuki grabs hold of one of Denki's feet and none-too-gently guides it to the chair, ignoring Denki's squeak as he's pulled down.

"Careful! Careful!" Denki begs, but he makes it down safely and quietly with Katsuki's help, facing the other direction from Katsuki before he turns around.

"Hey, babe~"

Katsuki rolls his eyes. "Just fix the damn thing."

"Yessir."

Denki makes his way over to the monitor and his fingers clack across the keyboard. Katsuki would've expected the other to have more teasing quips, but he's glad to see that for once, Denki is actually concentrating on his task. At least the dumbass has learned the importance of "millions of buckaroos". He leans over the other's shoulder and glimpses a peek of Denki's tongue sticking out.

Cute.

Katsuki keeps that thought to himself.

Bzzt. "Hey, are we still good for safe? Eiji and I are heading there now." Hanta's voice.

Katsuki presses a finger to his earpiece to connect. "Not yet, Pikachu is still working on it. Hey dumbass, how much lon—"

Katsuki squeaks as Denki's face collides into his and he drops contact with the communication device. He struggles and eventually is able to push Denki off, managing to get out a "what the f—" while Hanta in his ear keeps asking "Katsuki? Hello? Katsuki, hello?" before Denki swarms into his space again.

"Denki—"

Denki taps at the earpiece in Katsuki's ear, spitting out "it's done," before kissing Katsuki impatiently. Denki's tongue licks broadly over his lips and Katsuki is instantly reminded of the neighbour's golden retriever that tries to kiss him in the same way. He's spitting, trying to get the other's tongue out of his throat and avoid tonsil hockey, but Denki, while skinny, has one hell of a grip and he doesn't let Katsuki go or get away. He slobbers all over Katsuki's face as Katsuki sputters, trying to escape the vice Denki has on the back of his head to keep him in place.

And then, after all too long, they break apart with an awful wet *smack!* that has Katsuki cuffing his boyfriend over the head, embarrassed.

"What the fuck!" he screeches.

"Thanks for my reward," Denki simpers, his annoyingly cute face shining in Katsuki's view. "I fixed it."

"Fuck you," Katsuki spits. Then he pulls him in for a real treat.



"No." is the first thing Katsuki says as he shoves Mina out of the way.

"Those are—"

"Nope. No. No, they're not!"

Katsuki pulls Denki away from climbing into the front passenger seat and shoves him towards the back. "Get your ass out of my seat, dumbass."

Denki giggles and in an instant, the squad's chatter disappears. They're silent, but Katsuki knows that that's not a good thing. Eijirou slides into the driver's seat from the other side and quickly pulls into the road, but Katsuki can see a grin creep onto his face.

"Don't you dare," Katsuki points an accusing finger in Eijirou's face.

Eijirou holds up a hand. "I didn't say anything."

"Nice hickey," Hanta pipes up from behind and Katsuki nearly crashes the van as he springs from his seat to punt Hanta into ongoing traffic.

Everyone starts screaming.

"WOAH! WOAH! WOAH!" Eijirou yells, heroically saving Hanta's life as he holds Katsuki back from killing their boyfriend. "No horseplay!"

"I'm going to kill you!" Katsuki shouts and Hanta shrieks as he attempts to hide himself behind Denki and Mina. This in turn also causes Denki and Mina to squeal in fear as they suddenly become in range of Katsuki's dangerous arms.

"I'm going to kill you next!" Katsuki roars at Denki.

"No!" Denki screams. "I'm too young to die!"

"Stop! Stop!" Mina wails. "Eijirou, help!"

"I'm trying! Katsuki! KATSUKI!"

Eventually, with two near-death instances where Eijirou swerves into the wrong lane, he gets Katsuki to at least stay in the front part of the vehicle. Even if Katsuki is sitting the wrong way and death glaring at the trio in the back through the hole between his seat and the headrest.

"Katsuki, honey." Eijirou huffs. "Put on your seatbelt, please."

"No," Katsuki says stubbornly.

"Katsuki."

"Fuck you," Katsuki spits in Eijirou's face. Eijirou is impassive. Then without warning, the van peels off in a screech of tires as he slams down on the accelerator.

"What the fuck!" Katsuki curses, scrambling for the seatbelt. "Shitty Hair!"

Eijirou doesn't listen to him, weaving in and out of traffic to the dismay of his datemates who yell at him to slow down. When they finally arrive at their hideout, Eijirou slams on the brakes to the protest of everyone and then he whirls on Katsuki. Katsuki flinches when Eijirou shoulders into his space only to let out a "ghk?" when Eijirou smushes his face between his hands.

Because Eijirou is kissing him.

It starts frenzied and full of heat, no doubt due to Eijirou's anger and annoyance of Katsuki's tantrum, but Katsuki doesn't bow down either, especially not to his Eijirou. He dives forward just as eagerly, ignoring the cheers of their datemates and tries not to get caught up in Eijirou's passion.

He fails, of course.

Eijirou's lips slow and coax Katsuki's to match his pace despite the blond's insistence to keep going as roughly as he can. Hands smooth up and down Katsuki's sides and he shivers, oh, he shivers so willingly, following Eijirou's tongue until they part, his lips still tingling from the kiss.

"What the fuck," Katsuki breathes out for the third time of the day.

He blinks once and Eijirou is back to swoop him to plant another kiss, this one tasting like careful devotion.

"Five out of five," Eijirou announces and Katsuki has a moment of confusion before it clicks.

"Fuck you!" he cries out, planting a hand in Eijirou's face as he shoves him away.

Eijirou laughs as he's pushed away from Katsuki, the blond swearing up and down a storm as he escapes the van and flees from his cackling wretched datemates. The cheering and high-fiving can be heard even as he flings open the door to their hideout and shuts it behind him, chest heaving as he pants in annoyance and barely-contained anger.

Fuck, he's so pissed that he loves them.

Well, those morons may have gotten their kiss each, but as Katsuki glances down at the case he had snagged from the van—the sole reason for their mission—a devious smirk creeps onto his face.

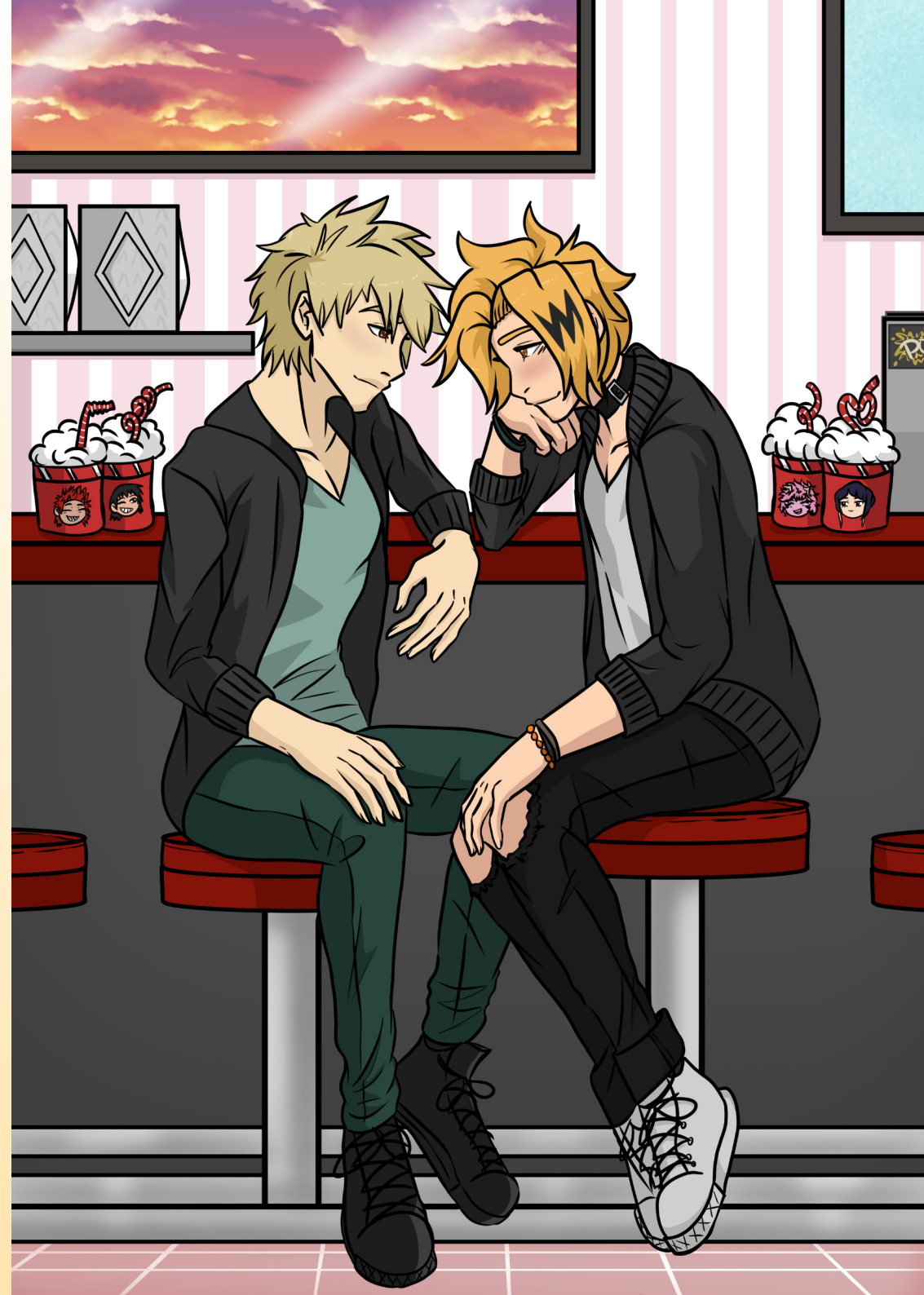
In his hands contain tubes of the world's most expensive lip gloss. Each from the H. Couture Beauty company and inlaid with 1200 pink diamonds. The fruit of the efforts worth 14 million spanking American dollars!

The real value was in the diamonds of course, but... it

wouldn't hurt for Katsuki to use the actual lipstick in his favour. Or more specifically, leave sticky lipstick prints on his treacherous datemates in order to fluster them into becoming his personal drooling smitten slaves.

He lets out a cackle of his own and swipes a fresh coat over his lips, a fresh *smack!* echoing in the air.

There's never a better time to start than now. Those idiots won't know what hit them.







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Written by amuk | [Table of Contents](#)

Content Warnings: mention of injury!

Loss, defeat, and retreat did not exist for Bakugou. He was a warrior. A barbarian king. Raised from birth in the art of war, nurtured in blood and strife. His destiny was simply: victory or death via combat. There was no point in knowing any of the other sides of battle, for he would never witness them.

And so, for that reason, Bakugou did not know what to call the pathetic scene in front of him. His dragon, Kirishima, groaned as he lay on the ground, his wings outspread as much as the clearing allowed. The dragon priestess, Mina, appeared singed and bruised as she tended to him. The assassin Jirou and mage Kaminari were dazed and out for the count as Sero the cleric tended to them.

These would have been proud wounds had they won the last battle.

They *hadn't*.

No, even worse than that, they'd run with their tails between their legs, barely escaping with their lives. It was shameful. Humiliating. Disgusting. The motley crew in front of him had accomplished something Bakugou never thought was possible: given him the sting of defeat.

"This is pathetic," Bakugou growled, his fingers twitching to grip his axe and just unleash the growing fury within him. He needed an enemy to kill.

"T-that's not," Kirishima grunted, flinching as Mina wiped a cool, green salve on his wing. Leaves rustled from each sound and even the smallest step left tremors in the ground. If it weren't for his bright red scales, one could

mistake him for an earth dragon. "Ah—that—ouch!"

"Oh, buck up," Mina snapped, shooting him a glare. Despite her words, she slowed her ministrations, her touch noticeable lighter and gentler as she patched him up. "It'd be easier if you were in your human form."

"Then you couldn't—" Kirishima winced again, a shudder running through his spine, "Heal my wings. And I am," he recoiled, "doing my best. It hurts."

Mina scoffed dismissively. She gave Bakugou a look, as though their disdain was the same. "And here I thought he was manly. Dragonly? Whatever."

Bakugou shot her the same glare he'd given Kirishima. As usual, she didn't react to it—he was never certain if her insolent attitude was her own, or if Kirishima had influenced her through their bond. Or maybe it was the reverse and she had been the origin of this fearless behaviour.

Everyone else had the common sense to at least flinch when he glared.

Kirishima grumbled, not liking the discussion. "Hey, it's manly to admit your feelings."

"Right, right." Mina rolled her eyes as she moved to his other wing. "Fine. Sorry, I'll be more careful."

It was a rare admission from her—she liked to drag out every argument until she won. Then again, she looked exhausted. Her clothes were torn, her arms and legs scraped and bruised. The only good thing was that the wounds had long since scabbed over, the dried blood a dark brown as it stuck to her skin.

Somehow, looking at their injuries only irritated Bakugou further. His blood boiled, a fire simmering underneath his

skin. Was he angry at them? At their enemies? He didn't know. Only his hackles were raised, his muscles tense, and every part of him wanted to jump into the fray of battle.

The feeling didn't ease even when he turned to the other side of the camp, to where Jirou lay on the ground and stared listlessly at the sky. Her calloused hands covered her elven ears, as though they could block her sensitive hearing.

Sero's dirt-stained white robes crumpled on the ground as he knelt beside her, a wet towel in his hand. Worried, he brushed her locks from her forehead before carefully setting the towel on her skin. When she shivered, he asked, "Need anything else?"

Jirou stared at him blankly, her hands still firmly clasped over her ears. The sound bang from the fight had really rattled her, to the point Bakugou wasn't certain if her eardrums had burst or not. Theoretically, Sero could heal that, but his magic had been all used up keeping everyone else off the brink of death. It'd be another day before he could do any minor recoveries.

Realizing the issue, Sero raised his hands. "Uh...how do you mime helping..."

Flustered, he shook his hand a few times, his movements growing more and more frantic before he sighed and just gave her a thumb's up.

Jirou blinked. She scrunched her nose, perplexed, before realization dawned. Her lips made a small 'o'. "I'm good. Just...need a little time. I think. My ears...I can only hear ringing right now."

Without being able to hear herself, her voice increased and decreased in pitch randomly, her self-regulation having no marker to compare itself to. Sero winced before giving her a smile and another thumb's up. Then, he rose

to his feet and turned to a nearby log. Kaminari sat there, his expression as blank as Jirou's as he stared into the distance.

No, that wasn't quite right. His eyes might have been blank, but his face certainly wasn't. Bakugou twitched at the sight of a familiar, dopey smile. The lightning mage was at his most annoying when he had that look.

"Raindrops on puppies and roses on kittens," Kaminari sang cheerfully, rocking side-to-side. His fingers tapped nonsensical patterns on the log. He kicked his feet out once, twice, and then planted them hard on the ground. "I'm a lightning queen, fast and furious, dig in the stormy scene."

"Seriously?" Exhausted, Sero hung his head. He ran a rough hand through his hair as he tried to compose himself. "Your powers are so freakin' annoying."

"They're awesome," Kaminari argued back gleefully, bouncing on his seat now. He didn't seem to mind or even notice his own injuries, his thoughts locked in some hellish happy loop. If Bakugou didn't know better, he'd have thought Kaminari had eaten magical mushrooms. "I'm awesome!"

"They'd be more awesome if you didn't have so many side effects!" Sero raised a trembling fist. His jaw clenched. He scrunched his nose. Even his brow furrowed as he tried his best to keep from knocking down his delirious friend. "We almost died because of you!"

Kaminari gasped. Terrified, he covered his mouth and whispered, "Death?"

Sero nodded eagerly, certain he was making a breakthrough. "Yeah. You don't want that, right?"

"Death..." Kaminari giggled and clapped his hands. "It's

interesting, huh?"

Sero groaned. "Just...just stay there then..." Balefully, he turned to Bakugou, his eyes dead. "Need me to patch you up?"

"No." Bakugou snorted at the idea.

"Sure—wait, your leg..." Sero leaned over to the right as he stared pointedly at Bakugou's right calf. "Doesn't that hurt?"

Bakugou didn't even glance down. The bleeding had stopped, leaving only a phantom pain. Any help at this point would be an insult. He glared and gritted his teeth. "No."

Actually, the more he thought about it, the angrier he felt. He didn't need help now. He didn't need help before. He had never wanted it or asked for it. Bakugou worked best alone. He had said so when he'd first left his tribe and travelled the world, plundering and fighting as he felt fit. He'd repeated it again when these tag-alongs had fallen into step with him, sticking with him despite his glares and outbursts. For some reason, his fire couldn't keep them away. For some reason, each fight only made them cling to him harder.

Bakugou didn't need help.

Bakugou didn't need them.

Bakugou didn't need to watch them get injured for fights that weren't theirs.

"You're slowing me down," he growled. Next time this happened, they could die, and he didn't need that either.

"Wow, harsh." Sero frowned, recoiling. Despite his reaction, not even a flicker of fear or hurt crossed his face.

"You have terrible bedside manners."

As usual, Kirishima didn't take offense. He blew through his nose and sighed. "Sorry. I'll be faster next time."

"We'll be faster," Mina corrected, patting Kirishima's flank. She pumped her fist and gave a bubbly smile. "I think I'm getting used to your swoops and dives now!"

Jirou lifted a hand from her ear, giving him a thumbs up. Just how much of the conversation she'd heard, no one knew. Or if she'd even heard anything at all and thought this was just a check up.

"What'll we do next, boss?" Kaminari asked, singing his words. At least Jirou had an excuse to not understand the situation. It was easy to see by Kaminari's cheerful grin and how he bounced on his seat that he didn't understand an iota of what was discussed right now.

"Did you not fuckin' hear me?" Bakugou snarled. Had he lost his touch? Or had he grown soft? It used to take seconds to scare away stragglers and hang-ons. "Or you just have death wishes?"

Kirishima guffawed, loud and gravelly. "Like we'll die with you around."

"You..." Bakugou turned to the others, expecting a voice of reason. For one of them to snap out of it and realize just what had happened. The last fight had been dangerous, to the point they actually had to hide and heal. Going forward, there were more dangers.

Yet none of them looked at him with anything other than expectation, with confidence. The weight of their gaze hit him like a gut punch.

Not one of them believed he'd let them die.

And why would they? Bakugou chuckled. They were slow and weak and utterly useless, but most importantly, they were *his*.

And as a warrior, as a barbarian king, Bakugou had been raised to protect what was his.

"You're all fucking useless." Bakugou straightened and marched to the fire in the middle of the camp. He grabbed his axe, raising it over his shoulder. "Just stay here."

Sero stumbled forward. "Wait, where are you—"

"Patrol," Bakugou bit out, glaring at the cleric. "Don't come."

"But you're hurt," he protested, taking another step forward.

"Fuck off," he snarled, marching off into the woods. These injuries were nothing. He could spend the night—he could spend the week like this if he needed to in order to keep *his* camp safe.

And when *his* people healed up, he'd train them into a force worth reckoning with.



@GRAFFITY256

A SONG OF THE FEARLESS DRAGON RIDERS

Written by Nightalie, Art by Graffity256 | [Table of Contents](#)

Jirou took pride in being a brad as to her creations. She always wanted to seek the most brilliant inspirations, then make them into wonderful songs, sing-along her way and spread them around the world.

One day when she looked up to the sky, she saw a shadow flashed by the clouds. It was huge, wings spread wide and beat the air, then flew too fast and disappeared in the blue just a second.

That was... *Dragons!* That was her next inspiration!

Jirou was so driven by her idea. She wanted to take a close look at this mythical creature, touch their scales, feel their breath, hear them roar. Yet, compared to usual fantasy creatures that are often to be seen, dragons were nowhere to be found.

She had no clue at all until somebody told her a rumour. Rumour said, one of the top-ranked adventure teams led by Bakugou Katsuki held resources about the location of dragons. He's strong, he's crazy, and he knew where to find the dragons.

The tip gave Jirou hope. So she went on a journey to find Bakugou and his team. She crossed half of the kingdom, sang her way through the roads, finally found the crew was staying in a small town right next to the mountain valley.

Jirou didn't stop after arriving in the small town, but immediately asked the locals about the location of Bakugou, then rushed her way to the only bar in town. Right after she pushed the wooden doors open, she

immediately spotted the people she'd been looking for in the lobby.

The ferocious blond with sharp ruby eyes and cape, *Bakugou*, was sitting right in the middle with meat and beer on his table. A crimson-haired muscular guy, *Kirishima*, was sitting on his right, eating a big plate of meat while chatting. Then on his other side, a raven with maintenance gear, *Sero*, was focusing on fixing something in his hands.

Not far away, a pink-haired girl was making fun with a blond with a lightning bolt dye on his bang. They fit the description of *Ashido* and *Kaminari*, the rest of *Bakugou's* team.

Jirou heard lots of rumours about this team, people said they are fierce and hard to deal with. But besides *Bakugou*, the rest of the team didn't seem threatening.

So Jirou took a deep breath, then walked into the bar and did what she always does. She introduced herself properly to the adventure team leader, asked to join the team until they led her to see the dragons, then waited for their reply. She was pretty confident since this time she offered a lot than usual, but it worked in front of the dragons, so she was expecting the team would take her in—

"NO."

Jirou gasped at the reply.

"That's harsh," *Sero* joked to ease the air.

"Yeah, bro, nobody would refuse a brad," *Kirishima* also chuckled along with him, but *Bakugou* just glared at them.

Jirou didn't expect a harsh rejection either. She was pretty confident at first, because adventure teams usually welcome brads to come along for a while. They were

pleasant to be around, entertainers on journeys. She even offered more than usual, like being an extra hand for chores and fights, so she was expecting the team would take her in.

Instead, the team leader snorted at her. "You can't keep up with us, brad. Now fuck off, go back to somewhere else safe and sing your little songs."

Jirou was embarrassed at *Bakugou's* unacceptance, but she didn't move. She knew in order to find the dragons, she needed him.

"Can-can you consider again?" Jirou asked trembly, gripping tightly onto her skirt. "I joined numerous teams before, I can always take care of myself, I—"

"Why the hell do I have to bring you? You looked weak and surly weak," *Bakugou* snapped as he rolled his ferocious red eyes at her. "I don't give a shit which team you've been in before, but I will not have a dead body in my team!"

"Wait what! We are having a new girl in our team?!"

Ashido suddenly popped up from the side and spooked Jirou. She didn't notice the female adventurer's approach, and she already grabbed Jirou's hands tightly, shook violently to show her existence. "You're gonna be our brad? That's fantastic! I always want another girl with me on the team!"

Kaminari was also attracted by their talk. His eyes widened in excitement as he hovered around the girls. "Bakugou we're taking her right? We're taking her right?!" He asked their furious leader without looking at him.

"We are not!" *Bakugou* shouted, but he was completely ignored by the excited duo who had already invited Jirou to take a seat at the table, even asking the bar to serve a

few more beers to them.

As the drinks were served, the whole team was sitting around the table chatting and drinking, only Jirou felt really out of place. Especially when she was sitting between Ashido and Kaminari who were giggling and kept eyeing her, which made her anxious.

On top of that, Bakugou kept glaring at her with those furious ruby eyes while eating, but he was tearing the meat with his teeth like it was the annoying girl right in front of him, showing resentment of Jirou's being from inside out.

It took Jirou a few deep breaths to be brave against the blond. "May I have an explanation about my rejection?"

"Because you're weak!" Bakugou swallowed the poor bite of meat in his mouth.

"She asked for anything but just a word, bro," Sero laughed.

Bakugou intended to avoid the question by eating, but Kirishima snatched the rest of his food away and shoved it right into his mouth before Bakugou could. The blond immediately kicked the crimson hard under the table, but Kirishima just gave him the puppy eyes like he did the right thing.

Eventually, Bakugou gave up avoiding the elephant in the room. "I'm just being honest about our team is not suitable for anyone who isn't necessary in combat, like brads," He snorted and reached for his beer, continued after a big sip. "We only take quests that are ranked A or above. We take the most dangerous and exciting missions. We don't have the time to rest in towns, but often camp in nowhere. We also don't walk around the countryside or prairies, no opportunity for you as a brad to sing anything."

Bakugou listed out a few convincing points, turned

everybody's mind.

The first one who backed their leader was Sero, the adviser on the team. "That's true," he hummed, and shrugged at Ashido and Kaminari who wanted to object, "I'm sorry guys, but he had a point."

"And you want to meet the dragons? Do you have any idea how fucking dangerous they are?" Bakugou finally expressed his disapproval of Jirou's overachieved request. That was what he was really pissed about, this silly brad had no idea what she was asking. "Find another inspiration that fits your grade!"

Kirishima muffled a laugh without being noticed. He pretty much felt that Bakugou was pissed about something, but he wouldn't guess it was because some strangers asked to meet the dragons. Bakugou was always protective about his guys, that was what he admired about their leader besides his strength. Yet, this time he felt for Jirou. Somehow the brad gave him a nice impression, maybe because she smelled good or she called the dragons beautiful earlier, which made him want to get close to her, plus he couldn't say no to entertainment on their long journeys.

"Maybe we can protect her on our way? It's just like bodyguarding, we did it before!" He pitched at Bakugou, and received back-up noddings from Ashido.

"Even if we can, we don't know if she can keep up with us!" Bakugou pointed at Jirou rudely as he scolded his thoughtless team, "How do you make sure she won't kill herself because she's weak!"

At this point, Jirou was fed up with Bakugou's bad manners and his wrong assumption. He didn't even know what she was capable of. So she impulsively stood up with a strike on the table, but then she had no idea what to do after everybody was looking at her.

"What," Bakugou glared at Jirou, who was flashing and speechless right now.

Then Kaminari broke the awkward silence with his relaxing laughter, eased the tense air between the grumpy adventurer and nervous brad.

"Hey hey, don't be mad! Bakugou isn't good with girls and he has no idea what is gentle." He stood upright next to Jirou, showed her the charming apologetic smile. "I feel sorry too, but our leader is right. It's too dangerous for you to follow us everywhere, maybe it's best for you to wait for us in a safe place, then let me bring back some intel about the dragons for you!"

Jirou couldn't help but wince. Now she felt obviously belittled.

Ashido sighed loudly at the side. "Now who's the one who isn't good with girls? By these lame flirting skills, no wonder nobody is interested in you."

"What?! It comes from my good heart!" Kaminari quibbled, but all of his teammates just shook their heads at him, Bakugou even rolled his eyes at him hopelessly. Now he was eager to show his friendliness towards women, so he tried to throw his arm around Jirou's shoulders like he always does to his friends. "I'm just being nice, right?—"

As his hand touched the brad's shoulder, it triggered something inside of Jirou. She learnt quite a few fighting skills before, they were always handy when she needed to defend herself or kick some asses. So before Jirou herself could realise what's going on, she already grabbed Kaminari's arm and twisted her waist, throwing the rude blond over her shoulders to the wooden ground.

Her act surprised everyone in the bar again, but this time after a few seconds Kaminari hit the ground hard, everybody bursted into laughter, somebody even clapping

and cheering.

That made Jirou embarrassed but proud. She didn't like the attention outside of her singing, but it felt good to counterattack someone who belittled her. It felt more satisfying as she looked up, and found out the team was looking at her differently.

She let go of Kaminari as he was still defeated on the ground, then she stood up and looked straight at Bakugou, who finally looked her in the eyes with slight amazement.

She finally got his full attention. The recognition encouraged her, so she tightened her fist and said, "Please let me introduce myself again. I am a brad, but I'm also an adventurer. I can fight just like others, I can be a qualified member in your team, and certainly, I am not weak!"

Bakugou raised a side of his brows, still didn't say a thing, but soon he started to frown as Ashido started laughing out loud and Sero followed.

"I think she showed her strength right in front of us," Kirishima also laughed as he turned to Bakugou, being the brave one to break another awkward silence.

"Throwing an idiot over the shoulder didn't count, everyone could beat Kaminari that idiot onto the ground," Bakugou snorted at the word *idiot* hard as he glared at Kaminari, wanting to kick him back onto the floor. "Because he is an idiot!"

"Good job, girl!" Ashido gave Jirou a thumbs up before she went to help Kaminari who was struggling to stand up with a nasty headache. "Bro, you're so doomed! You let the new girl kick your butt!"

"That's not fair! I was caught off guard!"

"But still, you lost! Bakugou might kick you off the team in

exchange with the girl now!" Ashido laughed ruthlessly.

"I'll kick both of your annoying asses away!" Bakugou hissed at them after finishing the last drop of his beer. His threat sounded valid, but the duo just laughed it off, since they already listened to the same thing a thousand times.

He sighed deeply for the stupidity of his crew, then grabbed his beer and took a huge sip to cool his own mind. "You guys really want her on the team?" he asked calmly.

Kirishima and Ashido nodded their heads with a big smile, even Kaminari was nodding with hope after getting his ass kicked, too.

Sero smirked as he responded, "Why not? Sounds fun."

Bakugou turned back to Jirou, ruby eyes looking at her with curiosity he couldn't hide. "What is your song about?" he asked casually before another sip of his beer.

"It-It's about the dragons," Jirou answered nervously.

"How about the dragon riders?"

"The riders?" The question caught Jirou off guard. She always pictured the dragons flying across the sky freely, never thinking about whether anyone would ride on them.

"You're gonna make it?"

But I was more interested in the dragons... Before Jirou replied, she spotted Kirishima and Ashido were nodding their heads like maniacs, while Sero yelled at her "*just say yes!*" dramatically and soundlessly. Bakugou saw everything, but he just rolled his eyes instead of stopping them.

"Y-yes! I can— no, I will!" Jirou took the hint and went with

it. "I'll make the best song—songs!— about the brave dragon riders and their mighty dragons!"

Bakugou hummed at her questionably, but eventually he broke a smirk.

"Fine. You can join us."

Jirou was truly relieved at the moment, almost crying from the relaxation and overjoy. *I'm finally gonna meet the dragons someday!* "Thank you very, very much!"

Bakugou waved at her thankful speech, focused on drinking the last drop of his beer. Then after he finished, he stood up and reached into his pocket, throwing a little but heavy bag of money onto the table. "Hey bastards, finish your food now and grab your things, we're ready to go."

The team immediately followed his order. While Bakugou already stood up and left the bar, Kaminari was rushing the rest of the food into his mouth and Ashido helped along, Sero was packing his belongings, and Kirishima was rushing the rest of the food into his mouth then grabbed the big backpack with his and Bakugou's belongings. Jirou also followed everybody and rushed to finish her beer in one big sip.

The whole team left the bar after a few minutes. They caught up with their leader who stood not far away, stretching his bones at the marvelous view of the mountain valley.

Once they walked next to him, Bakugou asked Sero, "What's the direction to go?"

The raven adviser pointed right at the valley. "East. Around a hundred miles."

Wait, are we gonna walk through the valley in this distance? Jirou was shocked, but everybody around her

was completely calm.

"But we should be able to get here in a few hours," Sero completed the sentence, but trapped Jirou in bigger confusion, because no way could they cross this distance within hours."

"Sounds right," Bakugou hummed, then he turned to Kirishima, "Hey shitty hair, you're up."

Kirishima looked at Jirou when he walked past her. "Don't pick on the new girl a lot, Katsuki, be nice," He told Bakugou before he dropped the bag next to him.

Bakugou rolled his eyes at him as he took down the maroon rein hanging onto his belt all along, then he whipped it toward Kirishima the moment he jumped off the cliff.

Jirou was shocked to the core of what happened in front of her, but before she could run to see the tragic death of her teammate, the huge shadow flew over her head from the bottom of the cliff to the sky like a breeze.

"What?!" Jirou screamed.

She looked up to the shadow and tried to figure out what was that, but then what she saw between the daylight and shadow blew her mind away. The silhouette, the wings, the mouth that breathed fire and roar, the shine of the scales, and the gentle crimson eyes looked down at her just like how Kirishima just looked at her seconds ago.

It was a... *Dragon! A big, magnificent, crimson dragon!*

Jirou had her jaw dropped. She couldn't believe what just happened in front of her eyes. She never dreamed to have such a close look at the beautiful creatures, and now her dream that was too amazing to be true was flying in the air with the maroon rein around its neck. She remembered

to hear the tip of Bakugou Katsuki had the resources to find the dragons, but now she realised not only he indeed had the intel—*He owned the dragons.*

"Your mind is already blown away before you can take a better look?" Bakugou laughed at her dramatic reaction. "But they are indeed the most beautiful creatures you can ever see. At least you got that right."

He held onto the maroon rein tight which now wrapped around the dragon's neck, letting it lift him off the ground as it flew high. "Normally I won't let anyone be near them, no humans worthy enough to take a glimpse of my dragons, but you should be glad they liked you," he smirked. "Their hunch never goes wrong."

Jirou could only stare at his back, mind blanked. She needed a minute to digest what just happened in front of her own eyes, but her new teammates wouldn't let her catch a break as Kaminari sneaked next to her.

"Hey, Kyoka-chan, right? Do you wanna—" Before Kaminari could finish his awkward invite, Sero already dragged him away. "Sero, I wanna carry the new girl!"

"First you need to learn how to fly steadily then! C'mon man, I won't let you traumatise the first time dragon rider!" Sero laughed at his argue, "Let's go, I fixed your rein now, it should be more comfortable."

The boys followed their leader's road. Sero pulled out the black rein while Kaminari turned into a golden dragon, then both of them flew high along with their leader.

Now Jirou stood on the ground, looked at the dragons reunion in midair, and their riders were shouting towards each other. *What should she do now?* As she was wondering, the last member on the ground with her, Ashido stuffed a ginger rein in her hands, then held onto those trembling hands firmly.

"Don't worry a lot, you just have to hold onto me tight and enjoy the ride!" Ashido grinned at her, which let Jirou feel her threatening heart grounded, then she led her down to everybody's road.

Everything happened within seconds after they jumped off the cliff together. The wind made Jirou hard to open her eyes, it filled her ears and even blew her hat away, and she could only hold onto the rein in her hands tight as told when they free fell. But then, she could feel things change around her in the dark. She fell onto something big and hard, cool with scales, and it carried her right back up to the sky, breaking through the air.

"Hey newbie! Open your eyes!"

Jirou opened her eyes slowly under Bakugou's yelling from a distance. Everything was brighter than usual since she was nearer to the sun, so it took her some time to get used to the sunshine and high air. Finally when she could open her eyes, she saw the amazing blue sky and the view of the valley, also the wonderful creature with cherry blossom colour scales right underneath herself.

Despite how big she became, the pink dragon winked and purred at her like she always did when she was in her human form, which made Jirou feel encouraged. It was Ashido, the girl who was nice to her.

She brought Jirou high up to the same level with the other dragons, as she struggled to let her eyes adept with the light and breeze, the yellow dragon rider was laughing as he let Kaminari fly right next to them.

"How does it feel to be a first time dragon rider?" Sero was proud of his new teammate, "Now you're not only the dragon seeker, but a rider, too! C'mon, I'll lend you the goggles, catch it!"

He threw the glasses to her, but Jirou didn't really want to

put it on after she got those sunglasses like dark goggles. She wanted to have the most original and beautiful view on her first ride.

The red dragon roared under Bakugou's command and took their attention, then their leader yelled, "Hey, stop the chatting now! We have to hit the road!" Then he smirked at Jirou for the last time before he let Kirishima fly across to the direction of their next location. "Keep the amaze in your heart and just enjoy your ride, and remember! You're going to come up with the best song about the dragon riders!"

The yellow and pink dragon immediately followed their leader. They roared and flew high above the clouds, right next to each other to beyond.

Unlike experienced dragon riders like Bakugou and Sero, Jirou could only do what Ashido told her, which was hold onto her tight for safety and enjoy the ride by their guide, but she was completely fine with it. She was touching the pretty pink scales under herself in disbelief, feeling it's breath, and also hearing them roar between each other.

She was taking in the fact that the dragons are real, and not only could she watch them far away beyond the clouds, now she was flying with the mysterious creatures among the clouds by riding on their back. It was too amazing to be true.

Jirou looked up to the sky, also to her human teammates who were confident on the dragons' back. She swore to treasure every second of this first ride, then made them into wonderful melodies, creating them into the song she dreamt to sing.

She already had a strong feeling that she could write the greatest song ever about the dragons and their riders.

'FETCH'

by OLLDOLLDRAWWS



5 minutes later...



EXTRAS, ARSON, AND WITCHCRAFT

Written by WishMoon | [Table of Contents](#)

Ships: Poly-Bakusquad

"Alright, so," Jirou deadpans, blowing yet another bubble in Sparky McLightning-Rod's face, "How did this happen, again?"

The gum pops, and she revels in Sparky—or, well, *Kaminari*, she thinks his name was?—flinching away from the sound. "Um." The guy's eyes wander to the side, never directly daring to catch Jirou's own, and it's clear that he's not telling her *something* from the way he tries to avoid the issue. "So, you see...."

Not that she *needs* him to confirm what she already suspects: that the whole reason her boss called her in so early is because *his friends* decided to blow up the place for shits and giggles.

"Listen," the red-headed himbo—*Kirishima*?—exclaims, "It was a very manly explosion that *definitely* wasn't Bakubro's fault—!"

"—Because it wasn't, Shitty Hair, don't try to pin this on me!—"

"—And, well, long-story-made-super-short! We don't have much of our very handsome home left to go back to, so...."

The pink-haired girl with the lab coat and very *neon* fashion sense decides this is a great time to shove her head between the two, her really, really pointy horns nearly stabbing Jirou in the eye as she does. "So, you know," she mentions, casually, "we may or may not need to squat at your place!" Her dark eyes sparkle, and she waves a hand to emphasize the point. "Landlord's orders, and all that!"

... Oh, god. Jirou needs an aspirin, or two. She really, really, doesn't want to be a part of this.

Just as Jirou opens her mouth to say as much, the bolts of the manhole cover behind the currently-homeless supernaturals zing. Jirou's jaw drops, and her face finally shows some surprise as said cover hisses before it's no longer on the ground, instead flipping through the air, end over end. One rotation, then two, then three, before it clinks against the tarmac. It clatters in the silence, before finally coming to a stop.

"Sorry, Jirou!" the new guy, Sero, calls out. She sees his head poke out the hole left behind, a gloved hand awkwardly scratching the back of his head, embarrassed. "Didn't expect it to go that far!"

Jirou turns around and tilts her head up. Her fingers subconsciously pinch the bridge of her nose with her thumb and index finger, and she rubs at them to ease the tension.

Her eyes are closed when she lets loose a long, aching, world-weary sigh, and mutters the first of many complaints as regards her lot in life:

"Just kill me now."



In Kaminari's defense, Ashido shouldn't have dug a hole in the ceiling of their kitchen. Not only because Bakugou would have her head, if he ever bothered to leave his crappy cooking shows alone long enough to notice, but, also, because she should've *known* by now that there's a *reason* everyone likes living underground so much.

Kirishima looks dead on his feet when he walks in, a stiffness in his shoulders from having slept wrong. Not that there's a right way to sleep on a metal table, but Kirishima hasn't ever really questioned Ashido about it. Neither has

Bakugou, come to think of it, but that might be because Ashido's the one who sewed Kirishima back together again and raised him from the dead. And, well, if *anyone's* an expert on how to care for the life of a homunculus, it's probably going to be Ashido.

Luckily, or unluckily, the girl's never said anything against energy drinks. Which means, when Kirishima gets to the kitchen, a yawn cracking open his jaw, he can make a beeline for their self-cooling fridge to get his fix. It should probably say more about his attentiveness than it does that it takes Kirishima cracking open the can and swallowing down several gulps of the sugary caffeine for him to realize he's not quite as alone as he'd thought.

Kirishima puts the can down. Kaminari waves awkwardly, his eyes wide and his smile tight. Kirishima's hand scratches his stomach underneath his t-shirt, where the autopsy scars are lined with staples. Kaminari's hair frizzes up, and the barest hint of electricity runs up his arm.

Kirishima looks at Kaminari. Kaminari looks at Kirishima. The sound of something buzzing thrums in the background, but it isn't until the smell of burnt ozone hits his nostrils that Kirishima glances up, and sees the sunlight trickling in.

"Say, Denki-bro, didn't Mina say you weren't supposed to be near the surface?" Kirishima asks, surprisingly casual.

Or, maybe, Denki thinks, it's just that Kirishima doesn't realize how bad this is. Another spark breaks off from the constant buzzing over Kaminari's skin, and he winces. His fingers stop moving, too. "Yep! She definitely said that, my man."

A pause. "... Huh."

"Oi, stop awkwardly flirting in front of the doorway and get out, already, you idiots!" When Bakugou stomps into the kitchen, he finally notices what Kirishima's been

looking at this whole time.

And, then, the fur around Bakugou's arms and legs stiffen. Kirishima and Kaminari watch Bakugou's tail puff up like a cloud, and all the careful control Kaminari had been keeping on the energy breaks.

A loud guffaw and a cackle bursts from Kaminari's mouth, and his body sparks.

The lights go out, followed quickly by the rush of air. A loud *boom* echoes, and the roof and walls collapse, covering everything in dust.

The silence doesn't last long. Minutes later, Mina shoves open a door, where the wreckage was blocking it. She glances to the right, then the left, and asks, "What the heck happened here?!"

Underneath a particularly large pile of rocks and dirt, Bakugou growls and flips her the bird. Only the tip of his finger is visible from where it pokes out. "Damn it, Racoon Eyes!"

She looks up, and notices the hole in the ceiling.

"... Oh." She looks back down, and sees the crackling heap of what used to be a non-injured Kaminari. Then, she turns back to Kirishima and Bakugou, grin almost apologetic. "Oops?"



Which is, of course, how Jirou ends up being assigned to the group. And, by assigned, what her boss really means is that she and Sero are going to need to share their dorm space with the four supernaturals with a really, really bad track record of *not* blowing up buildings.

The pink-haired girl's nice enough to bring her a drink, at

least. Not that Jirou recognizes it, but she figures it's probably better for her if she doesn't ask where the can came from. Instead, she sips a large mouthful from the straw, and listens to said girl talk about her friends with only a little bit of feigned disinterest.

"—And if you add a little bit of borax into the acid, then—!"

"So," Jirou interrupts, midway through the nonsensical spiel, "the one with the ears and tail's Bakugou, right?"

The girl nods, still fiddling with the knobs and dials on the device between her hands. "Yep!"

Jirou glances over the counter at the guy, who is currently in the process of mixing *something* in a large bowl in her kitchen. "What is he, then? Some kind of werewolf?"

She watches Pinkie pause whatever repairs she was doing to turn around, a finger coming up tap against her chin, pondering. "Think so! He has a really bad reaction to anything silver, you know?"

Jirou takes another long sip of whatever milkshake flavor she has. "... Huh."

"Oh! Almost forgot to introduce myself!" The girl with the horns does a series of gestures followed by jazz hands and exclaims, "I'm Mina! Ashido Mina, but you can just call me Ashido. Or Mina!"

Jirou nods, head tilting in her direction. "Mina, huh?"
Though, darn. Now Jirou can't call her Pink Hair anymore.

She doesn't realize she's said that part out loud until Mina barks out a cackle that sounds more like a banshee's scream, her palm repeatedly slamming against the counter right next to her machinery, again and again.

"Wouldn't be the worst I've been called! I think Raccoon

Eyes is up in the running for best nickname, ever!"

Jirou rolls her eyes. These guys are so weird.

Still, fair's fair. "You can just call me Jirou. Only my boss calls me by my last name."

Mina shoves a hand in front of her, grin wide and carefree. Jirou eyes focus on it, crossing as they do. "Nice to meet ya, Jirou!"

Carefully, tentatively, Jirou reaches out to shake it. "Yeah. I would say it's great to meet you, too, but you're all kind of mooching at my house, so...."

Pinkie's demeanor only turns a little sheepish. Which, wow, these guys really are shameless.

Bakugou takes that moment to interrupt, and two plates slide towards Jirou and Mina. "Shut up, Jackass Witch, and eat your shitty fucking food, already."


Shitty fucking food is kind of an understatement. The dish looks pretty extravagant, and way better than the microwave dinners she and Sero ate all the time after their shifts. When the girl digs in, Jirou manages to stop staring long enough to take the first bite.

Hell. It tastes like heaven.

"Yummy as ever, Baku-chan!" Pinkie squeals.

A grunt. The werewolf crosses his hairy arms and grumbles, "Told you not to call me that, Raccoon Eyes."

... Alright, yeah. If putting up with their antics means Bakugou cooks for her, all day, every day, Jirou thinks she's fine with this arrangement. The lighthearted bickering even manages to put a small smile on her face.



Sero's the one who learns that Sparky is some kind of energy vampire, and that the red-haired himbo is some kind of reanimated zombie. Something about a blackout at the arcade, which Jirou only managed to get a glimpse of on the local news channel on TV before Mina had changed it to a horror film.

Jirou's got an inkling behind just who was doing the reanimating, because Pikachu Face sure as hell ain't smart enough to work that electricity into any semblance of direction. And, Mina does seem mad enough for the job....

Not that Jirou asks her, of course. The himbo—"That's Eijirou," Sero explains, "but everyone calls him Kirishima or Shitty Hair, which... I guess makes sense?"—had decided to get into a drinking contest with her work partner, except Jirou's pretty sure that Sero would die if he drank the literal gasoline the guy's shaken in with the coffee grounds and energy drinks.

Jirou just sits back on her sofa and watches the events unfold. Mentally, she makes a note to talk to her boss about getting both a raise and a new coworker. RIP to Sero, the idiot.

Next to her, said energy vampire's leg is bouncing up and down in excitement. Pink Hair's disappeared off to somewhere in the basement, and Bakugou has, fortunately, taken on the task of getting rid of the dust that coats the apartment's walls and ceiling.

"This is going to be so good, Jirou, you don't even know—!"

Jirou scoffs, her arms crossed over one another. When she turns around and looks at him, she notices the small sparks of energy buzzing around him. Jirou decides to bite the bullet.

"Say, Pikachu Face."

The kid pulls his eyes away from the trainwreck, and turns around to face her. "Huh?" A moment later, a look of surprise passes over him. "You can just call me Kaminari, you know!"

Jirou waves the idea off with a shake of her hand. "Yeah, I *could*. But, better question for ya. So far, Sero and I've got you, Bakugou, and the himbo pinned down as some kind of supernatural. What's Pink Hair supposed ta' be?"

"You mean Mina?"

"Yep." Jirou pops the 'p', and takes satisfaction in the flinch she gets. Not quite like blowing a bubble of gum in his face but, well, close enough.

A spark of energy slips out of his control and causes Jirou's hair to stick up. One of many, many reasons why she doesn't bring her cell phone anywhere with her, anymore. Who knows what Pikachu Face would do to the thing.

"Well, she just showed up, one day. Said she and Kirishima needed a place to stay, and, look, we had a lot of empty space, right?"

Jirou hums. "So, what, she's just some normal human, then?" Not that she believes that. No normal person's got black sclera, purple skin, and pink hair. Not to mention, those *horns*.

Kaminari waves his hand in a so-so motion. "Kinda? 'Cept, we've also kind of been living down there for actual decades, and I've known Bakugou since he was, like, half my height, right now."

Damn. Jirou would love to know his skincare routine, if he's implying he's older than her.

"Kinda wacky, if you think about it, huh?" A particularly loud shout causes Jirou to turn her attention to the gasoline drinking game. But, seeing that Sero's not on the ground, frothing at the mouth, quite yet, she figures he'll be fine. Instead, she sits back, puts her arms behind her head, and asks the question she probably should have asked since the moment they'd all met up. "How'd you deal with it?"

A giggle. Kaminari twists the rest of his body around to face her, and leans over. His nose is almost close enough to touch her own, and Jirou tries to suppress the blush that rises in her cheeks. It doesn't seem like the guy understands the idea of personal space.

"Same way you are, maybe? You just kind of get used to it, after a while."

Jirou sinks back into the couch further, huffing a breath of air at him, but nods, all the same. "Guess so."

It's just when Jirou's thinking that the supernaturals aren't all as bad as she'd thought they'd be that Kirishima whoops, and Sero collapses over the barrel of unspeakable horror, unconscious.

Kaminari finally turns away from her, a "Congrats!" slipping off his tongue. Jirou shakes her head, amused.

And, then, thunder sounds, and the lights flicker. Sparky's energy crackles and Jirou knows, as they finally short-circuit, that it's going to be a long, long night.



In the end, Kirishima's the one to call the ambulance for Sero, insisting it's his "manly duty as the one responsible for making Sero face a not-so-manly series of events". Jirou follows after him with a sigh, shoving Sparky in front of her as she does.

"Better to keep an eye on all of you, right?" she offers, despite the protests.

Before she can call out for the werewolf and mad scientist to get the hell over to the front door, however, a soft "Fuck." resounds from the second floor.

Somewhere in the basement, another explosion follows.

... Jirou has a feeling she's not going to get her deposit back, at this rate.

The waft of smoke from something definitely burning drifts out. Jirou wrinkles her nose. Everyone hears the sound of stomping. The sweep of a broom, the clatter of cleaning equipment.

Mina slams open the basement door and pokes her head out. "I'm alright!"

Bakugou, who makes his way out from the corridor where the cleaning supplies are, just crosses his arms and grunts.

"... You two aren't going to try and blow this place up, too, right?" Jirou sighs, her hands on her hips, and glares. "Because, if we've gotta move in with my boss, we're going to have a lot more problems to deal with than just dust and rats."

The girl has no shame, whatsoever, when she exclaims, "Not yet! But, you might not want to come down to the basement, anytime soon!"

The werewolf leans against the wall, and hums. "You're going to need another broom closet."

... At least Bakugou's honest.



In the end, the answer is, yes, Jirou's stuck with the apartment and, no, Sero's not dead, yet.

The cuddle pile in the middle of the hospital room, though, is definitely nice. Between Bakugou's body heat, Kaminari's stories, Mina's teasing, and Kirishima's manly crying when the doctor finally gives them their diagnosis, Jirou thinks, everything's not as *bad* as it could be.

Really. She could get used to this.

... Well, maybe if she can figure out a way to fireproof her home. Otherwise, she's pretty much doomed to suffer the consequences of housing these guys.

(Her boss *had* mentioned that the magic of musical notes could be used to fortify...)

Well. Those are things she'll have to think about another time, then. For now, she's fine with being used as a pillow, surrounded by these idiots she's slowly growing to like, and cocooned in so, so much warmth.



... Yeah. *Definitely could get used to this.*





Red-haired character: "I'm telling you, it's not just a coincidence!"

Blonde character: "I know, but I don't see how it could be anything else."

Dark-haired character: "Well, I don't see any other explanation either."

Purple-haired character: "I don't know what to think about this."

Yellow-haired character: "I'm not sure either, but I think we should keep looking into it."

Pink-haired character: "I agree, but I don't know how to go about it."

dhdrawing3


MEET THE TEAM


Please take a moment to appreciate everyone who has worked on Bomb Voyage by supporting them on social media! Click [here](#) to jump back to our table of contents.

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itsmyusualweeb



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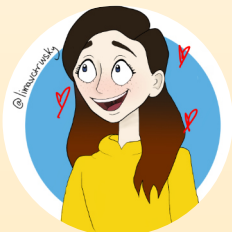
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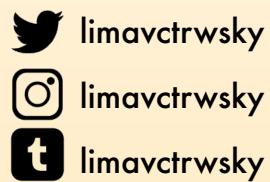
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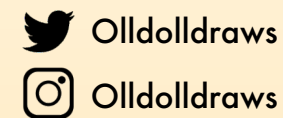
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